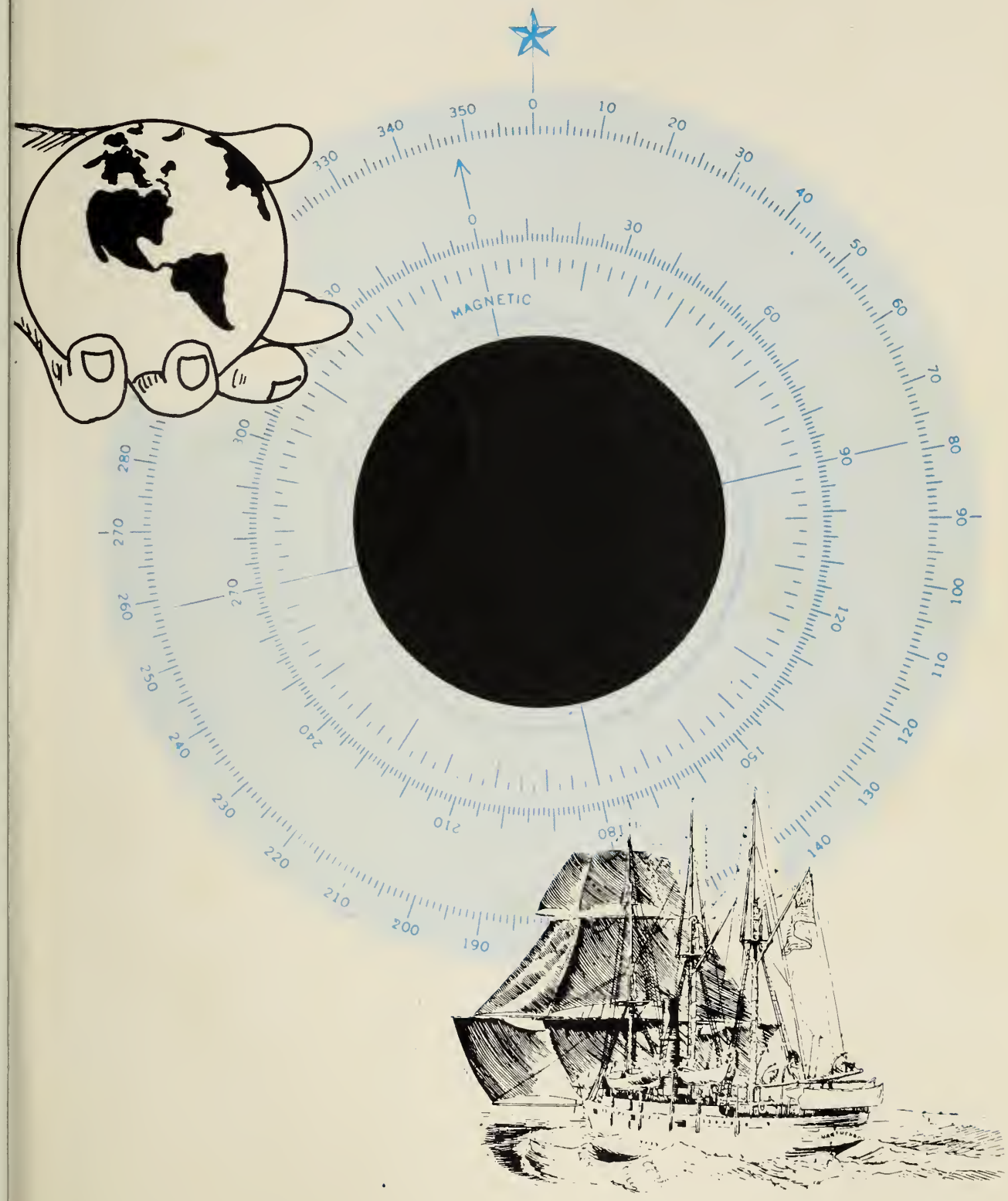
MUSTER 1964


MAGNETIC

THE 1964
MUSTER

A SENIOR PUBLICATION
MASSACHUSETTS MARITIME
ACADEMY
BUZZARDS BAY, MASSACHUSETTS

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Our years here at the Massachusetts Maritime Academy have been, for most of us, three long years but in many ways they have been only too short, for I am sure it will be the memories of these years, now past, that will remain foremost in the minds of all of us in the days ahead.

To many of us this was our first time away from home, to all of us this was the beginning of a novel experience. Perhaps as it has been said by many among us, the education we received here was probably the most interesting, exciting, beneficial and by all means the most liberal that anyone might receive anywhere.

Although many of us feel that perhaps we have been here a little too long and none of us would put off the day of graduation, I am sure that in the years to come as all of us sail off to the many points of the compass that it will be with an aire of nostalgia that we will look back upon our stop-over in the port of Buzzards Bay, at the "Cape Cod College of Nautical Knowledge."

All of us came here with a name given to us by our parents, but soon each of us was named anew by our classmates, and it will be by this name that we will be remembered. Also in a clandestine community such as ours, it is inevitable that all of our character traits and idiosyncrasies be soon discovered and, without exception, be exploited to the fullest to provoke a laugh. It is also by these that we will be remembered.

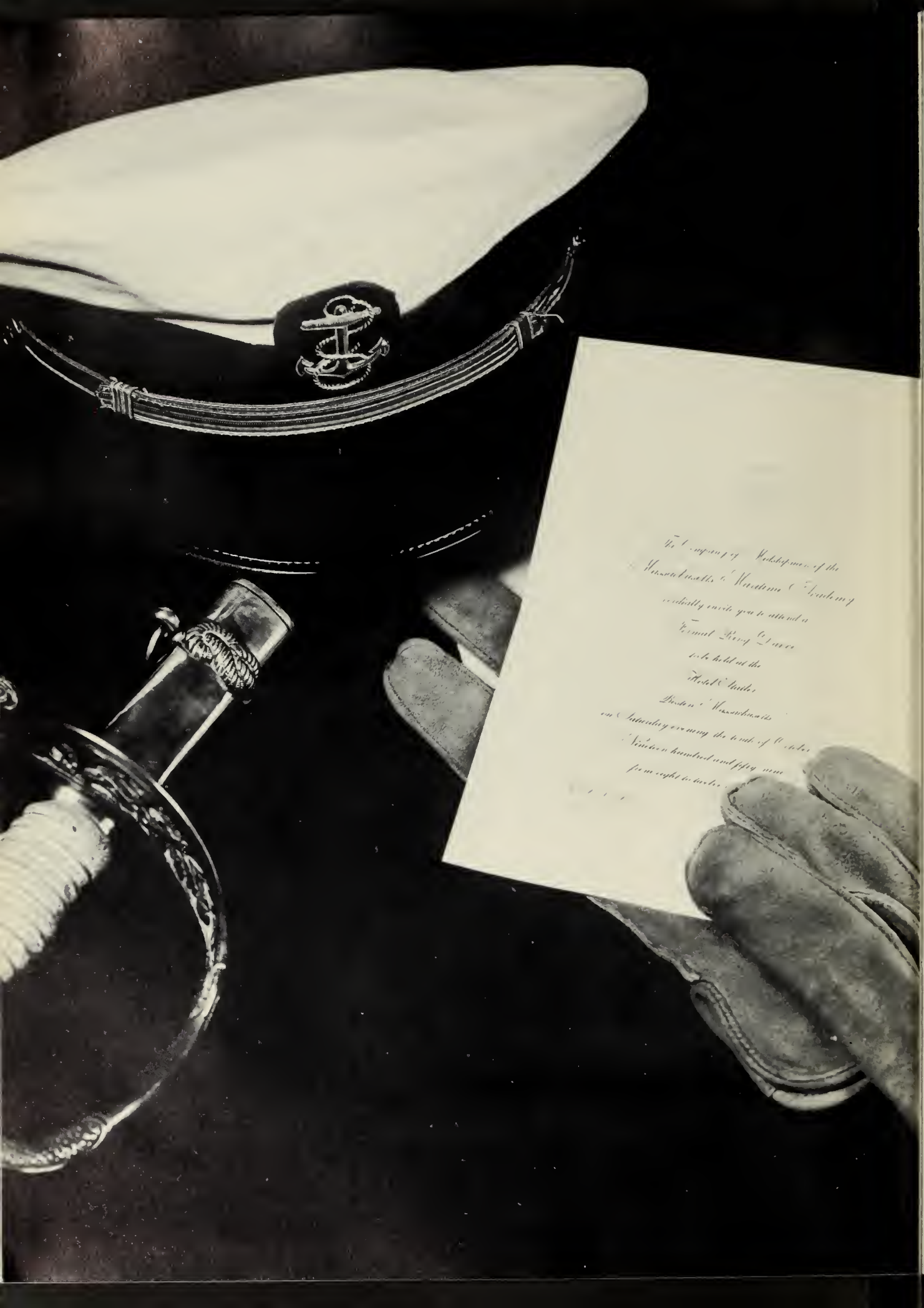
In the pages that follow, we on the staff of the 1964 MUSTER have attempted to capture in word and picture a few of these memories that we will not soon forget.

It is our hope that in the years to come that when we pick up the MUSTER we will not remember those who graduated with us only as names but as guide posts in our lives, held together by a bond of comraderie and friendship that years cannot dissolve.

It is with a feeling of pride, justification and an open mind that we give you the 1964 MUSTER.

James P. Fox

Editor, The MUSTER



In every organization
there must be a hard core
about which
the whole structure can revolve.
The outer edges
may change in form
from time to time,
but
the unifying inner area
must always remain constant
and strong.
At the Academy
this central strength
is formed
by the faculty.

ADMINISTRATION

When we reflect back upon
our education,
we come to realize
how much
this is true.
It is with great pride,
therefore,
that we are able
to introduce each member
of the Administration.

COMMAND

Captain Richard T. Rounds U.S.N.R.
Meteorology Instructor

Capt. Rounds graduated from the Nautical school in 1926 to sail aboard Standard Oil Co. tankers, and several months later commenced a three year stay with the United Fruit Company.

Early in 1930, he returned to the schoolship, this time as an instructor. When the Navy took over the school in 1942, most of the officers were shifted to active duty. Such was the case with Captain Rounds, when he was made Executive Officer of an A.K.A. and then an APA in the Pacific. Command of an APA followed, a post he held until his release from active duty and his return to the Academy in 1946.

Captain James M. Murray, U.S.N.R.
Chief Engineer
Inst. of Thermo Dynamics, Steam Engines

The Bay State's Chief Engineer graduated from an earlier Mass. schoolship, the famous Nantucket in 1935. Upon receiving his Marine Engineer's License, Capt. Murray sailed with Eastern Steamship and Cities Service, and by the time he was 25 years old he had his Chief Engineer's License.

Entering the Navy as a Lt. (j.g.) in 1942, he saw action in many of the major campaigns in the Pacific, including Okinawa and Guam. At the war's end, he left active duty with the Navy to become the Chief Engineer of the Maine Maritime Academy schoolship.

Returning to the Mass. Maritime Academy in 1947, Capt. Murray became the school's Chief Engineer and he holds this position as head of the Academy's Engineering Dept. as well as an unlimited Chief Steam and Diesel Engineers License.

Captain Louis A. Woodland, U.S.N.R.
Ship Construction Inst.

Capt. Woodland graduated from the Mass. Nautical School, in 1929, the top man in his class. He started his career at sea as junior deck officer aboard U.S. Line's famous LEVIATHIAN. He also worked for the Grace Lines, sailing to South America, before returning to the schoolship as an instructor in 1934.

During W. W. II, he was on duty with the Navy in the Pacific in various capacities including Executive Officer aboard an Attack Transport. After the war he returned to the Maritime Academy to work his way to the upper echelon of the administration of the school where he is now Executive Officer.

Among his many qualifications, Capt. Woodland has a Bachelor of Science Degree from Mass. Maritime Academy and holds a Master's License.

DECK AND ENGINE DEPARTMENTS

Our Instructors . . .

Commander William J. Connors, USNR
Navigation Inst.

Commander Connors is another of the school's instructors who started his seafaring career at the Mass. Nautical School. He learned the ways of seamen aboard the Nantucket, and upon graduating in 1932, he went to sea with the American Hawaiian Lines, as quartermaster. From American Hawaiian, Cmdr. Connors went with Mallory Lines tankers working his way from third mate to chief mate. He has held for twenty years an unlimited master's license.

He came to teach at the Academy in 1940 and stayed until 1942 when he went into the Navy as Executive officer on the tanker Neosho. Several months later he was given command of the tanker Nespelen and in her finished out the war.

Commander Connors returned to the Maritime Academy in 1946 and is now head of the Navigation Dept.

LCDR. Paul G. Hirst, USMS
Admiralty Law Instructor

Mr. Hirst is a graduate of the Mass. Nautical School. He received his training on the Nantucket and upon graduation in 1926, went to sea in the Merchant Service. He has sailed in every capacity from seaman in the forecastle to chief mate; with Mallory Lines, Standard Oil Co. of N.J., Luckenback Lines, Sprague S.S. Co. and Waterman S.S. Co.

When the Second W.W. broke out, Mr. Hirst went to sea under the War Shipping Board in the North Atlantic and Mediterranean areas, with a side trip to Murmansk in Russia.

He then came ashore to teach nautical subjects in the Maritime Service Upgrade School in Boston. With this as a background, he operated the Bay State Navigation School for a year before reporting to the Maritime Academy in 1948.

Mr. Hirst holds a Bachelor of Science Degree from Mass. Maritime Academy and is licensed as a Master in the Merchant Marine.

Commander John M. Cease USN (Ret.)
Academic Asst. to the Superintendent,
Mathematics Instructor

Commander Cease came to the Maritime Academy after retirement from the Navy. A graduate of the U.S. Naval Academy, Class of '39, he was assigned duty in the Pacific Fleet where he participated in every major campaign of W. W. II.

In addition to his many other duties while in the Navy, Cmdr. Cease had charge of midshipmen at the USNR Midshipmen's School, Columbia University, was First Lt. on the aircraft carrier Indepencence, taking part in the initial test of the atomic bomb at Bikini, and had command of the USS Frank Knox during the Korean Conflict. While commanding this ship he was awarded the Bronze Star with Combat Distinguishing Device.

Commander Cease is also a graduate of the U.S. Army Command and General Staff College and holds a Master of Arts degree from Jackson College, Honolulu, Hawaii.

FACULTY

Lieutenant Thomas F. Dorsey, USNR
Social Sciences Instructor

Mr. Dorsey's first contact with the sea was aboard the charter schooner TANAGER where he sailed as a member of the deck crew. Rigging work with the Bethlehem Steel Shipbuilding Co. on Staten Island paved the way for his entrance to the U. S. Merchant Marine Academy in 1944. He went to sea to gain time towards a third mate's license which he received after preparations at the USMS Officer's School at Alameda, Calif.

The ink wasn't dry on his "ticket" before he was at sea on a tanker, a ship type he remained with for seven years, calling at ports all over the world. Before coming shore in 1952 Mr. Dorsey was sailing as Second Mate for the Socony Vacuum Co.

Mr. Dorsey graduated from Boston College in 1956 and one year later came to the Academy as Social Science Inst. and watch officer.

LCDR Alan McNaughton, USNR
Communications Instructor

Mr. McNaughton was in several Academy "firsts." He was a first classman when the school made its first West Coast Cruise. The object of this cruise was, of course, to pick up the fondly remembered Charleston which was the school's first steamship. Upon graduation in 1949, Mr. McNaughton and his classmates were the first to receive a Bachelor of Science Degree from the Academy.

United States Lines followed the schoolship in Mr. McNaughton's career. He sailed on their Australia-Far East run until 1954 when he went in the Navy for a two year tour of active duty. After being released from active duty, he returned to the New England area to sail tankers for Boston Fuel Transport. Including his Masters license and degree, Mr. McNaughton holds pilot's papers from Portland, Maine, to Providence, Rhode Island.

Lt. F. L. Dixon Yard, USMS
Spanish Instructor

Mr. Yard came to the Academy in 1955, 1956 and again in 1960 until the present time. During his time here he has served as a division officer in both the second and third divisions as well as being an instructor in practical seamanship.

Before coming to the Academy, Mr. Yard sailed as Chief Mate for the United Fruit Company, the Marine Transport Lines and the U. S. Army Engineers for 5 years. He has attended the Salisbury School in Conn., Tabor Academy, Dartmouth College, Rollins College, University of Chile, Boston University, Middlebury College, Stanford University, Segregansett County Agricultural School and the College of the Sequoias. He holds the following degrees; Bachelor of Arts, Master of Arts, Licenciado in Artes, Agricultural School Certificates and has teachers licences in California and Massachusetts. He is the founder and President of the Instituto Mexicano Norte Americano (a specialized college), Head Master of the Black Fox Military Institute and has been a school and college Instructor for 12 years.

With this background, Mr. Yard is a valuable instructor for all here at the Academy.

FACULTY

LCDR Lucian T. Page, USMS
Seamanship Instructor

Mr. Page, an officer who has gained the respect of all who know him by reason of his professional skill, started his sea career aboard the Nantucket. Upon graduation in 1932, he went to sea for American Export Lines on one of the famous Four Aces. Leaving Export in 1935, he went into Isthmian around the world service, finally becoming chief mate on the Steel Navigator.

By 1940, Mr. Page had his masters license and within two years had ascended to the top of the maritime profession, that of pilot on the Panama Canal. Mr. Page stayed on the Canal until 1948, when he returned to Massachusetts and the Maritime Academy. He received his Bachelor of Science degree from the school in 1951.

Capt. (Dr.) W. E. Dawson, USNR
Ship's Surgeon

Dr. Dawson is a Graduate of Boston College, class of 1931, A.B., and Harvard Medical School, class of 1935, M.D. After graduation he completed his internship at Bridgeport Hospital and Boston City Hospital. His surgical Residence is Mt. Auburn Hospital in Cambridge. He is on the Emeritis Staff (former President) at Morton Hospital in Taunton and the Courtesy Staff of Tobey Hospital in Wareham.

Dr. Dawson was Commissioned as Lt. (jg) in the USNR in 1939 and saw active duty on a cruiser in the Pacific from 1941 to 1946. He now holds the rank of Captain.

LCDR Alvin Anteen, USMS
Supply

Mr. Anteen commenced his education in business by attending the Northeastern University Law School. He also graduated from the Bentley school of Accounting and Finance. During this time Mr. Anteen was employed as an Accountant and Comptroller. His sea-going career began in 1939 when he enlisted in the Navy as storekeeper. He was in the Navy until 1947 when he requested release from active duty. In 1949 Mr. Anteen came to the Maritime Academy and has been with us ever since. As well as his experience in law and accounting, Mr. Anteen holds a Chief Purser's ticket in the Maritime Service.

FACULTY

Commander William Hemmerly, USNR
Electrical Division Officer
Electricity and Refrigeration Instructor

A graduate of the Massachusetts Nautical School in the Class of 1936, Commander Hemmerly sailed with the Standard Oil of New Jersey on their tankers for six years until the outbreak of World War II. He entered the Navy and became an engineering officer on the USS CONWAY and then USS HANNON. Mr. Hemmerly was in many of the Pacific campaigns and distinguished himself by winning twelve battle stars. He was honored personally for keeping the engines of his ship in operation even though she had sustained heavy battle damage.

After the war, Cmdr. Hemmerly came ashore to operate a refrigeration plant on the West Coast. After two years he came to the Cape, where he took a position at the Maritime Academy as one of the engineering instructors.

LCDR, James D. Crosby, USNR
Auxiliary Division Officer
Diesel Instructor

LCDR. Crosby is a graduate of the Massachusetts Nautical School, Class of 1931, whereupon he went to sea with the United Fruit Company. He stayed with the Fruit Company for ten years, raising his engineering license to chief.

The year 1942 found Mr. Crosby in the Navy serving as Cadet Training Instructor in Panama. He stayed with the cadets of King's Point to become that school's chief engineer on its training ship.

At the end of the war, Mr. Crosby returned to sea aboard the ships of the Sword Lines. Three years had been spent in their employment when he returned to teach young men the tricks of marine engineering at his old Alma Mater in 1948.

LCDR. Frederick H. G. Wright, USNR
Boiler Division Officer
Instructor of Boilers and Property Materials

The Maritime Academy can be proud to count Mr. Wright among its graduates. After graduation in 1943, he served aboard the Navy's USS TATUM. While in the Navy, he saw action in the Philippines and Okinawa. The end of the war found Mr. Wright with plans to go to sea in the Merchant Marine. He sailed Marine Transport Lines, Sheppard Lines, Continental Oil, and Keystone Lines until 1957 when he came to the Academy as an instructor.

FACULTY

LCDR. Harold C. Pratt, USN, (Ret.)
Radio Electronics Instructor

Mr. Pratt's sea career commenced when he enlisted in the Navy in Tampa, Florida in 1933. The Navy's electrical school followed with a steady rise up through the ranks. By the time a decade of Naval service had been completed, he became an Ensign.

During the last World War, Mr. Pratt served in many capacities and saw action in major Pacific and North African campaigns. His Naval duty continued with a steady rise in rank until 1953, when he became a Lieutenant Commander.

Mr. Pratt retired in 1956 and joined the staff here at the Academy in 1958.

Lt. Mario Tonello, USMS
Machinery Division Officer

Mr. Tonello enlisted in the Navy in 1941 and received his training at Newport, Rhode Island. His first assignment consisted of convoy duty in the USS Wainright, escorting cargo ships to Murmansk. Aboard the Wainright, he saw such action as the invasion of North Africa, the Anzio Invasion, Okinawa, and the Battle of the Sea of Japan.

Mr. Tonello mustered out of the Navy as a Chief Machinist's Mate, and from there he started his own repair service. He remained in this position until 1950 when he came to the Academy. He received his Second Assistant's papers in 1950 and was commissioned in the United States Merchant Service in 1953.

Lt. Angus E. MacLeod, USMS
Assistant Division Officer
Shop Theory Instructor

Mr. MacLeod started his sea career by becoming an apprentice machinist at the Bethlehem Shipyard in Quincy, Mass. After watching ships come in and out, he decided to go to sea and signed on as an oiler on a Waterman Line ship. After sailing for a time, he entered the U. S. Maritime Service Officer's Training School and sat for his third's in steam and diesels in September of 1944. In 1946, he raised his license to second. He has sailed with such companies as Marine Transport, American Foreign, Eastern, and Moran Towing.

Lt. MacLeod has been in the Academy's engineering department since 1948.

FACULTY

Lt. William R. Hendy, USNR
Physics and Chemistry Inst.

Mr. Hendy is a graduate of the Massachusetts Maritime Academy, Class of 1952. Immediately after graduation he was employed by the American Trading and Production Corp., rising from third assistant to first assistant engineer from 1952 to 1957. After coming ashore he taught electrical engineering and physics from 1957 to 1961 at Wentworth Institute in Boston. He also taught Evening School at Wentworth during the same years. While there he was also director of intramural sports and baseball coach. Since leaving Wentworth in 1961 until the present time he has taught; physics, chemistry and atomic power at the Academy. Here also he has been the spark of our athletic program, putting in many long hours and hard work to make winners out of our soccer team. He is a member of Naval Reserve MSTS Company 1-5 (s), Hyannis where he is the director of the Tanker Division. Mr. Hendy received his Master of Education degree from Bridgewater State College in 1959, and holds licenses as First Assistant Engineer for steam vessels, any horsepower, any ocean and a Third Assistant Engineers license for motor vessels, any horsepower, any ocean.

William L. LaCasse
Machinist and Shop Theory Inst.

Mr. LaCasse came to the Academy in 1947 until 1950 and again in 1954 and has stayed until the present time. "Willie" joined the Navy in 1943 at the outset of the war and went down under with the submarine service until 1946. While in the service he served aboard the USS Besugo, where he was wounded in action and the USS Chub until the war ended. Here at the Academy "Willie" is regarded as one of the best in the business and is always willing to lend a helping hand. Many Midshipmen have profited by Willie's guidance and instruction. When ever we developed a snag in an assigned task we could count on him to set us straight on the proper way of doing the job. May we take this opportunity to say "THANKS".

Charles Maynard
Electrician

After High School Mr. Maynard attended the Hoffman Island Maritime School to get his fireman, oiler and watertenders papers in 1942. After graduation he began shipping with the War Shipping Administration. He got his Third Assistants license in 1945 and except for a two year period in the Army he shipped until 1953, doing most of his work for the Moore-McCormack Lines. "Crarlie" came to the Academy in 1953 to be the ships electrician and lend a hand in training the Midshipmen in the ins and outs of electricity.

FACULTY

Captain Robert H. Murphy, USNR
Cruise Watch Officer

In the fall of 1924, Captain Murphy graduated from the Massachusetts Nautical School to begin his life's work. He sailed for American Hawaiian Steamship Company and six months later had his second mate's license. By 1928, he was a licensed Master and he continued to build his reputation with the Company. In 1934 he was given command of his first ship, the S.S. Hawaiian only nine years after graduation.

The S. S. Hawaiian was the first of forty three ships Captain Murphy has commanded. During the war years, with most of them being spent in the Atlantic, Captain Murphy was torpedoed several times and at one time was required to sail 650 miles in an open boat to reach shore.

After the war, Captain Murphy continued to sail for American Hawaiian as coast pilot between Los Angeles and San Francisco. He was also trouble shooter for eight years as well as senior captain with the company. Captain Murphy is now retired, but he makes the cruise with the Maritime Academy as watch officer each year just to get back to sea.

Mr. Collins
English Instructor

Mr. Collins came to us here at the Academy in 1963 after teaching English at the Bourne High School. Previous to that he had taught at New Bedford High School, East Los Angeles High School and Hollywood High School in Los Angeles, Calif. He holds a Bachelor of Arts Degree from Los Angeles College and a Master of Education Degree from Bridgewater State College. Mr. Collins spent the war years as a member of the U. S. 8th Air Force in England, from 1941 until he was wounded in action in 1944. While in the service he received; The Distinguished Flying Cross, The Air Medal with three Oak Leaf Clusters, The Purple Heart, The Presidential Citation with two Oak Leaf Clusters, The King George VI Citation and The British Government Citation from Winston Churchill. He is now a member of the U.S.A.F. Reserve.

Captain Francis Harrington, USNR
Cruise Watch Officer

NAVAL SCIENCE DEPARTMENT

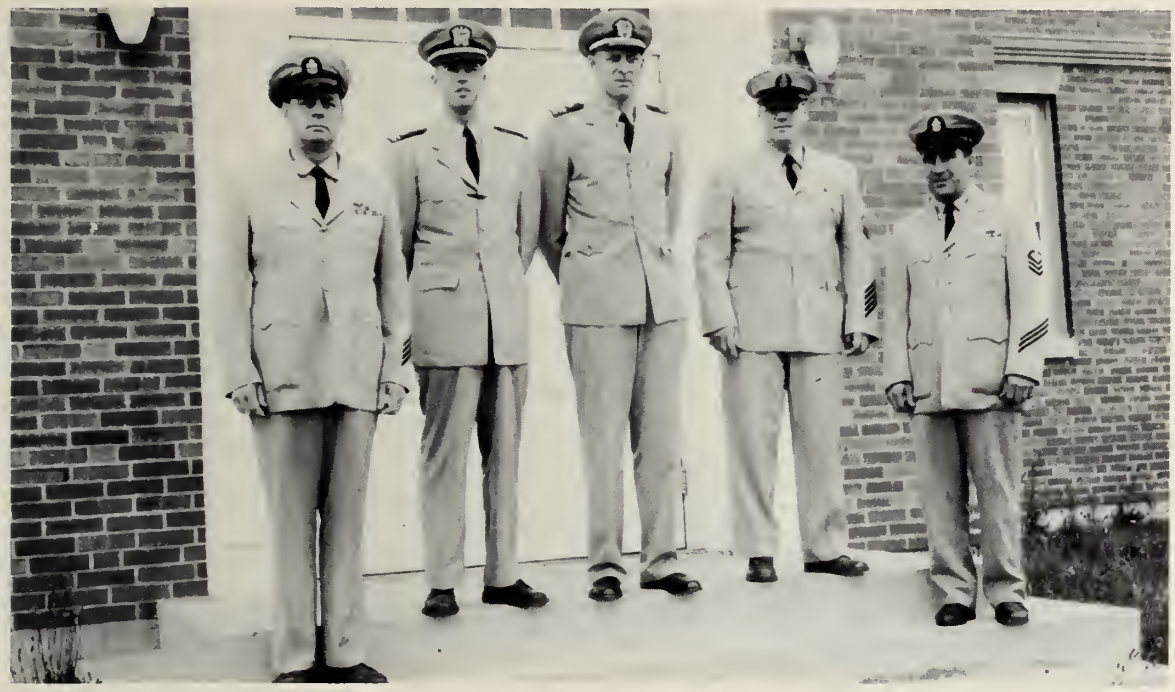
Lcdr. Morse

Lt. Ostrander

Lt. Jg. Pierce

Chief Simkins

Chief J. L. Manwaring



THE MISSION

The mission of the Naval Science Department is primarily to train the Massachusetts Maritime Academy Midshipmen by conducting Naval Science courses in order that they, as prospective Merchant Marine Officers, may have some knowledge of naval procedure and further enhance their usefulness in the Merchant Marine in the time of war. The secondary mission is to provide those students who may matriculate into the Navy with a background in naval procedure.

The Naval Science Department accomplishes the above mission through officers and high ranking enlisted men as instructors who lead us through one course each semester, these include Orientation, Gunnery & Ordnance, Naval History, Leadership or other courses whose path eventually leads to a Commission as an Ensign in the U. S. Naval Reserve. This sketch would certainly be lacking if Friday afternoon drill were not mentioned, although maybe some would rather forget it!

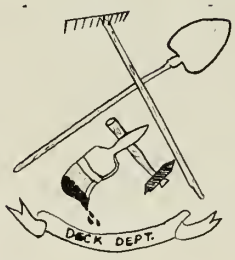
The class should like to thank the officers in Naval Science Department for their efforts in their endeavor and especially we should like to extend our thanks to Chief Simpkins whose patience, enthusiasm and good advice will be remembered by all who go to sea.

DECK DEPARTMENT

Bosn. Tribou, Rpmn. Raymond, Rpmn. Selfe.

Sea. R. D. Ripley

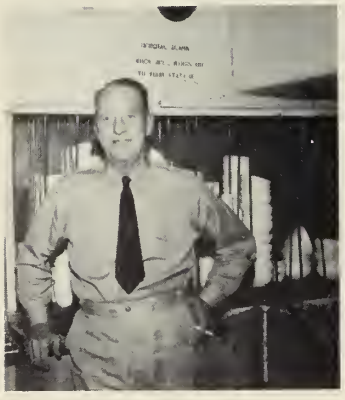
Sea. J. Alden



Sea. E. H. Stewart

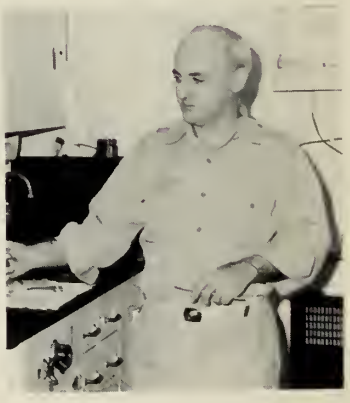
Rad. Oper. (Sk.) W. A. Kent

Hdmn. J. R. Tavares, Rpmn. R. D. Thompson.



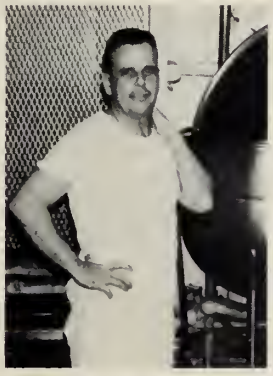
CMAA W. L. Lacasses, Sr.

Chief Sacht



Pharm. A. P. Tassarini

SUPPLY DEPARTMENT—CHOW . . .

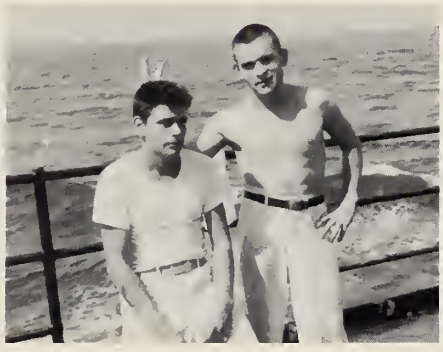


Cook A. T. Moniz

Messman Lima, Cook Figueiredo

Cook D. K. Pollock

Messmen Lackie and Kontul



Messmen Cliffy and George Tatro

THE CHOW LINE

The Role Of

Cdr. John M. Cease, USN (Ret.)
Admissions Officer

Mrs. Delina O'Hare, Cdr. Cease, Mrs. Elizabeth Johnson

The Massachusetts Maritime Academy

The Massachusetts Maritime Academy, formerly the Massachusetts Nautical School, founded in 1891, is a division of the Department of Education of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts. It is under the supervision of a Board of Five Commissioners appointed by the Governor. The Academy is subject to the regulations of the Training Organization of the United States Maritime Administration.

The mission of the Academy is the education and training of young men of good moral character, education and physical fitness to prepare themselves for a course as officers in the United States Merchant Marine, and as a source of officers for the U. S. Naval Reserve. Only young men of rugged physique, determined in their desire for a seafaring life and in its associated industries, and amenable to strict discipline should apply for admission.

The courses offered in the Academy are of college level. Diligent study and application in both academic and practical work lead to the award of a Bachelor of Science Degree, preparation to qualify for a Merchant Marine officer's license before the U. S. Coast Guard examiners, and the application for a commission as Ensign, U. S. Naval Reserves.

The Navy Department maintains at the Academy a competent staff of instructors to provide Naval Science instruction in order to qualify for a Naval Reserve commission after graduation.

Having met the prescribed physical requirements, the new student is enrolled as a Merchant Marine Student, U. S. Maritime Services, and designated as Midshipman.

As presently constituted, the Academy offers each appointee an opportunity to acquire an excellent academic background and the necessary professional knowledge and skills that will qualify him for licensing as an Officer in the United States Merchant Marine and for a commission as an Ensign in the United States Naval Reserve. He may, through proper application of his education and performance in his service, achieve to the top positions of Master and Chief Engineer afloat in ships of any tonnage. With sufficient sea experience he may also qualify himself for positions ashore associated with the maritime industries.

Miss Evelyn Silvia, Mr. Gerald Hanafin, Miss Kathleen Robbins

CHIEF OF NAVAL OPERATIONS

Sea Power is a familiar term when linked with the combatant ships of a nation's navy. It is less familiarly connected with a nation's merchant shipping. And yet, the man who did more to popularize the term than anyone before or since, Rear Admiral Alfred Thayer Mahan, viewed a navy and a merchant marine as equally important parts of a nation's ability to use the seas effectively for trade, defense and foreign policy. A little reflection quickly reveals why this is true for a maritime nation like ours in today's world. Most of our customers are across the oceans of the globe. So are our sources of many scarce raw materials. Most importantly, so are our overseas military bases and our allies.

Sea transport is the most economical method for intercontinental movement of commerce in peacetime; it is also the most feasible method for movement of vast quantities of military supplies and men in war. An active and efficient Merchant Marine of a size to match the nation's needs is thus vital both to our nation's economy and its defense. Such sea transportation requires ships of the most modern type. But ships are only hardware.

A far more difficult component of the Merchant Marine to produce than hulls, engine rooms and gyrocompasses is represented by this graduating class of Massachusetts Maritime Academy. Intelligent and highly trained leadership for service at sea takes more time to prepare than it does to produce hardware. Raw material of the required quality is more limited. There is also a limit to the amount of time which can be devoted to the task.

But now, in your case, the task is completed. Proudly bearing your degrees, your licenses to hold down a berth at sea, you 52 young men who have been graduated as the Class of 1964 will move out, each to take up his individual course and speed. You all share a proud heritage from the early years of our nation when the American Clipper Ship was queen of the seas and, even earlier, when the infant nation assembled its Navy from the trained seagoing manpower of its merchant shipping and, for that matter, the ships as well. Those times were characterized as the days of iron men and wooden ships. Virtually everything else but man has changed in the life at sea since that time; remember we still need iron men. This is the challenge which you young men go eagerly to meet.

I wish you fair winds and a following sea. God speed.

David L. McDonald

DAVID L. McDONALD

ENDICOTT PEABODY
GOVERNOR

THE COMMONWEALTH OF MASSACHUSETTS
EXECUTIVE DEPARTMENT
STATE HOUSE, BOSTON

December 20, 1963

TO THE 1964 GRADUATING CLASS OF
THE MASSACHUSETTS MARITIME ACADEMY

It is a pleasure to have this occasion to extend my personal congratulations to each of you upon your graduation from the Massachusetts Maritime Academy.

You merit every recognition for your achievement, since I am fully aware that hard work, diligence, and sincerity of purpose are the real factors that have helped you attain this significant distinction in your lives.

Wherever your aspirations and endeavors may now lead you, the training at the Academy which you received and the experiences that you encountered will prove invaluable. Massachusetts always will be proud of your accomplishments and knows that, in you, she will be always well-represented.

Best of luck.

Endicott Peabody

Governor

Rear Admiral John W. Thompson, USMS
Superintendent

Admiral Thompson is a graduate of the Mass. Nautical School, Class of 1912, after which he spent 5 years in the Lighthouse Service and one year with the New York to Puerto Rico Line and the Savannah Line. During the First World War he served with the U. S. Army mineplanters.

Following the war, Admiral Thompson returned to the Schoolship as Navigator where he remained until 1925. After a ten year separation he returned to the Nantucket as Navigator, retaining that position until 1941 when the Mass. Nautical School became the Massachusetts Maritime Academy and the Academy was relocated in Hyannis, Mass. At this time Admiral Thompson became Executive Officer of the training ship. In 1948 he became Commanding Officer and in 1959 he was promoted to Superintendent, a position which he held until his retirement in 1963.

As we look back over our three years at the Academy it seems that our association with Admiral Thompson was a brief one but during this period he has displayed an attitude toward the midshipmen which was taut but at the same time understanding. By his concern for the welfare of the Midshipmen, Admiral Thompson will be remembered and with him go our best wishes and a sincere, thank you.

Farewell...

The Commonwealth of Massachusetts
Department of Education
Massachusetts Maritime Academy

USTS BAY STATE
BUZZARDS BAY, MASSACHUSETTS

6 January, 1964

To the CLASS OF 1964:

For many years I have watched the Academy midshipmen with pride, as they made their way through their program of study and work, until finally, at commencement, they "go forth into their chosen field of endeavor".

To you, the Class of 1964, soon to be graduated, I offer my congratulations and good wishes.

What you make of your careers in the field in which you have qualified, is now up to you. Together with the learning of much subject matter, you have acquired many unscheduled qualities to fit you for the life ahead. Courage, determination, perserverance, resourcefulness and a soundness of judgement; these are your instruments of successful "know-how".

There is a place for you if you want it. So, my advise is to go forth full of confidence and show the world that a Massachusetts Maritime Academy graduate can do his duty to the satisfaction of all concerned.

Good luck and God bless you all.

Sincerely,

John W. Thompson,
Rear Admiral, U.S.M.S.
Superintendent

Dedicated To Ronald

"Sorry, the marks aren't in yet".

For the cheerfulness,
sincerity and friendship
you have so unselfishly shown
to the Midshipmen
of the Academy,
we,
the graduating class of 1964
dedicate our yearbook
to you. Ronald G. Coghlan.
Ronald Gerard Coghlan
was born on May 15, 1910,
in Brooklyn, New York.
Upon finishing his secondary education
he studied one year
at Secretarial School
and in October, 1927
enlisted with the United States Navy
at Boston.
This proved to be the commencement
of a thirty year naval career
during which
he would serve in World War II
on many ships
throughout the Pacific,
as a Instructor
at Yeoman School, Bainbridge, Maryland,
during the Korean Conflict
and eventually retiring
as Chief Yeoman in 1957.
In 1943,
Miss Sophie Restey of Auburn, New York,
became Mrs. R. G. Coghlan
and now, twenty-one years later,
the Coghlans reside in Buzzards Bay
along with their four children;
Ronald Jr., Stephen, Dwyn and Mary.
With the exception of the years
occupied at Bainbridge,
the "Chief" has served as Principal Clerk
at the Academy
since 1950.
His duties are many and varied
ranging from orientating the "youngies"
in their new and unique way of life
to keeping the Academy's clerical system
functioning properly.
Yet, even with such a rigorous schedule
confronting him each day,
he is always a man
who will permit himself to be interrupted
to listen to even the most trivial problems
of the Midshipmen.
By accepting this dedication
we hope to convey to you
our message of thanks
for helping and guiding us
through the past few years.
Again, for all you have done,
thank you,
it has been a pleasure
to serve as your shipmate.

The Class of 1964
Massachusetts Maritime Academy

G. Coghlan . . .

Ronald G. Coghlan
Principal Clerk

Massachusetts Maritim

The Board of Commissioners, in accordance wit
of the Faculty and by authority of the C
hereby confers upon

THE CLASS OF 1964

the degree of
Bachelor of Science in: Marine and Electr
OR
The Nautical Sciences
in consideration of the satisfactory completion
prescribed for that degree

Given at Buzzards Bay, Massachusetts

COMMISSIONER OF EDUCATION

CHAIRMAN
BOARD OF COMMISSIONERS

THE CLASS

e Academy

the recommendation
mmonwealth

cal Engineering

the course of study

SUPERINTENDENT

OF 1964

The designing
of the first official ring
of the Academy,
a ring which may be seen
in all four corners of the world,
was done
by the executive officer
aboard the schoolship Nantucket.
The first rings sold
for only twenty-five dollars
and were made
by Bailey, Banks, and Biddle Co.
The ring is a lasting symbol
to the graduate
of the position he has attained
and of the knowledge
of the sea which is his.
Looking closely at it,
a little thought
brings to light the comprehensiveness
of its design.
At the very base of the ring
on either side
is seen markings representing waves.
Above the waves
on one side is the anchor,
symbol of the deckmen,
and on the opposite side
the propeller,
badge of the engineers.
Flanking the Massachusetts State seal
on one side
and the United States shield
on the other
is the Trident of the sea-god Neptune
and the sword of Authority.
Above the State seal
and the United States shield,
and under the protective wings
of the American eagle,
are the dolphins,
representing great activity
and excellent of performance,
while around the stone on the top
of the ring
is the name of the Academy
and the chain
which binds all graduates together
in brotherhood,
the chain of Everlasting Fellowship.

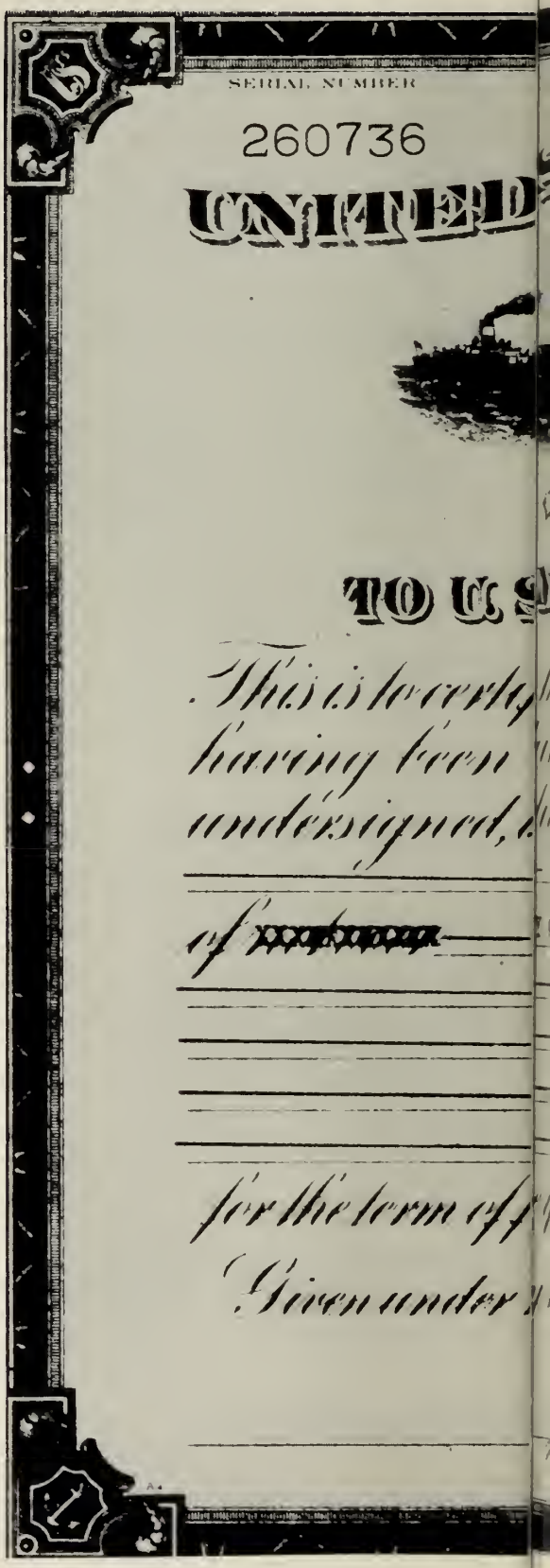
The Engineering

Upon entering the Academy all new Midshipmen are given a thorough indoctirnation into the ways of the Engineering Department. In addition to the general information on Marine Power Plants that the youngman is exposed to in Mr. Wright's Marine Engineering Class, a supplimentary program of practical laboratory instruction is provided in conjunction with watch standing in port as well as at sea. By providing this program, our department accomplished the job of finding the youngmen with the highest aptitude and ability to become Engineers and, if these men have the necessary academic standing at the years termination, they may choose the Engineering curriculum. In choosing this curriculum one will eventually graduate from the Academy as a Third Assistant Engineer and also hold a Bachelor of Science Degree in Marine and Electrical Engineering as well as a commission in the United States Naval Reserve.

Although as an Engineer, the arts and science subjects are studies, a much greater emphasis is placed on Marine Engineering proper and, as the second and first class years pass by, the Engineer becomes more and more involved with the study of turbines, boilers, evaporators, thermodynamics, electricity, and atomic power. These courses are studied in the classroom and taught by competent instructors, then they are practically put to use on our floating laboratory, the Bay State.

Finally, with the day of graduation, comes to an end three relatively long, hard, and some what trying years of Academy life. But also with this day comes thirty five new Marine Engineers. Their goals may be varied but the knowledge and background obtained from this department will show in whatever their future may be.

Respectfully submitted,
Warren F. Peabody,
Battalion Commander



Division

ISSUE NUMBER

3, 5

STATES COAST GUARD

LICENSE

MERCHANT MARINE OFFICER

This is to certify that _____

has been duly examined and found competent to act as the _____

holder of this license as _____

_____

_____ GROSS TONS _____ *upon* _____ OCEANS: _____

_____

_____

_____

_____

_____

_____

_____

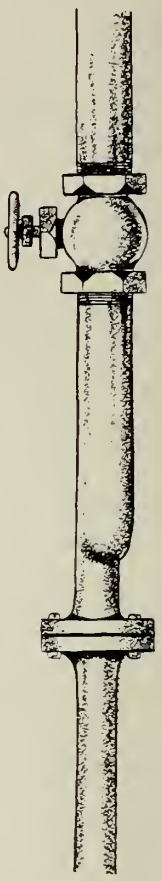
Unless sooner revoked, this license shall be in force for _____ *years from this date.*

Given under my hand this _____ *day of* _____, 19____.

_____

Port **By direction:** *Officer in Charge of Marine Inspection*

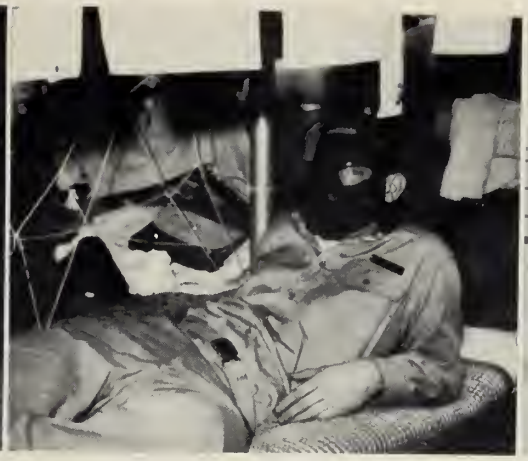
SECTION I



L. to R, Front—Flanagan, Fox, Machinist LaCasse, Downing, **Rear**—Donovan, Lt. Commander Wright, Sullivan, Cunningham, Brunstrom, Crovo.

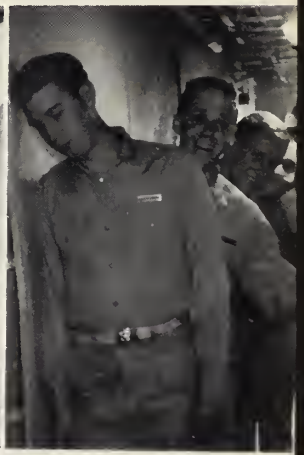
Last in line, and down wind was "Beach Ball Fox." He was being called upon to explain his connection regarding the discovery of four female midshipmen in the ships laundry. Foxie maintains that their presence was part of a "Circle K" exchange project but ships office is expected to take a dim view of the entire situation.

With the completion of mast our Faithful Division officer would breath a sign of relief as his charges would somberly retire to the Gorge to figure out a new batting average. It has been said that the spaces under the charge of Boiler Division are the most squared away spaces on the ship and well they should be, because with the countless hours of extra duty, Willie LaCasse can stay well ahead of the normal work load. "They don't have Mast in the Merchies, do they??"



WELL, FOUND OUT A USE FOR THE SAND BOX EH, BILL?
HE HE HE
BOILER DIV.
YEP!
SAND
MARIO MARIO HELP

SPIDER



"Pinhead"

Newman Club
Lucky 7 Club
Propeller Club
Condenser Club

LEO FRANCIS FLANAGAN III
Lakeview Avenue
Tyngsboro, Massachusetts

Along with the various cars delivering the new third class, an unusual vehicle appeared at the gate that fateful day in August of 1961. Upon close inspection it was discovered that the vehicle was a hearse driven by a Kings Point chemistry Professor and the occupant revealed himself to be none other than Spook Flanagan, whose ghostly attributes soon found him possessing the "keys to success." His engineering prowess was soon evident and in keeping with this ability he was put in charge of the proper operation and maintenance of the log office. Due to his conscientious nature and starched shirts "Pinhead" received no competition in becoming the fearless? leader (?) of Father Freds Dead End Kids.

In spite of being the butt of many jokes and ridicule he always revealed a persevering attitude that assured us all that when help was needed in any way Leo could always be counted on. For Leo no luck is necessary because his natural ability and cleverness with locks will surely carry him through to success.

"Blaaaaaugh!"

"Big Sull"

Master Staff
Baseball
Soccer
Newman Club
Century Club
Propeller Club
Football
Golf Team
Drill Team

"Okay who took my dog biscuits?"

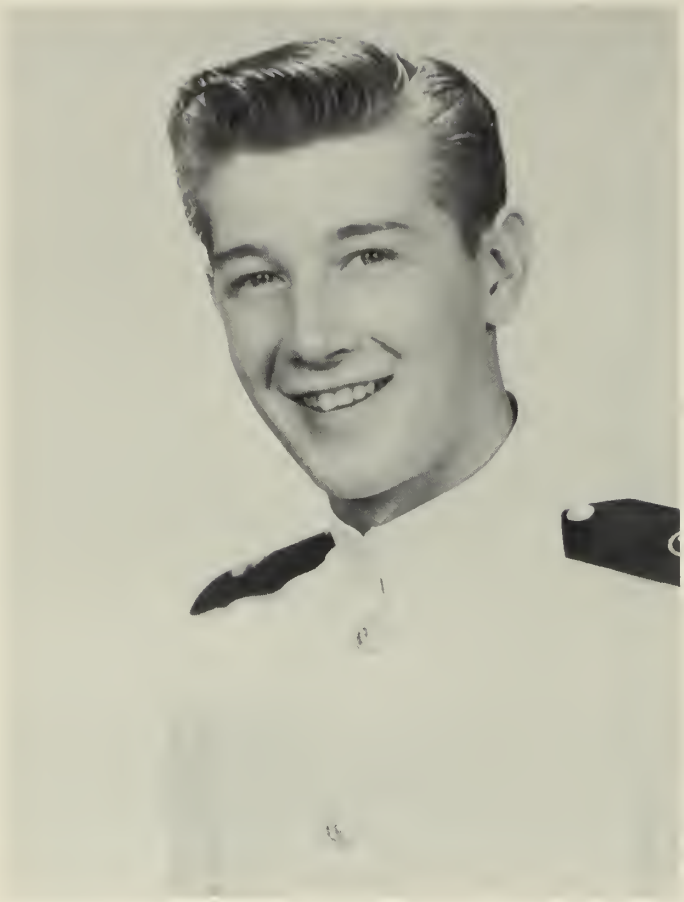
DAVID F. SULLIVAN
820 Bridge Street
Lowell, Massachusetts

Soon after being bagged by the dog catcher for roaming the streets without a license Dave was given the choice between the dog pound or M.M.A. After Dave's appeal to the M.S.P.C.A. proved of no avail he reconciled himself to a life as the mascot of the class of '64.

Each class must have its "Big Fella", and ours was no exception. He was a big guy with an even bigger personality which enabled him to get along with everyone . . . . . well almost everyone, as long as no one sat on his rack. We will always remember that night in the gorge when Dave proved that his bite could be as bad as his bark.

His engineering ability coupled with his athletic ability, and his willingness to work made him a standout for his entire three years.

An even disposition and a quick mind convinces us that Dave will accomplish any task which he may have to face in the future.



STEVEN EDSON BRUNSTROM
11 Saunders Street
North Weymouth, Massachusetts

"Quiet down or I'll take three names." So speaks our devoted section leader as he was awakin' from his slumber by the smell of burning shoe leather. With order restored once again and the ashes of his shoes removed, he would slumber off to his world of his high school heartbreaks and electric guitars.

When Steve began at the Academy, he was convinced that he alone was destined to wear the four stripes. But, soon after, owing to the coaxing of his brother, "swifty Maynard", Spider decided that sacks were more important than stripes. Whatever Spider set out to accomplish, he always did his best and as custodian of N.S.A.C., he was unsurpassed (wake me for Graduation). As custodian, Steve arranged our ill-fated ski trips as well as the infamous "Pajama Party" (20 hours is a long time in the laundry)

Although he became the butt of many jokes concerning his sincere regard for the feelings of others, it will be by these fine qualities that Steve will always be remembered. Good luck to a fine classmate and friend.

"Spider"

Section Leader
Football
N.S.A.C. (Club Custodian)
Century Club
Propeller Club
Rifle Club
Lucky 7

"Wake me for the break."

PAUL F. CROVO
20 Briarfield Road
Milton, Massachusetts

"Boink"

Cross Country
Baseball
Soccer
20-20 Club
Propeller Club
Weight Lifting Club
Yearbook Staff

"Home Sweet Home."

"Whosoever shall be a man must be anon-com-formist".

This famous phrase best describes our refugee from the Not End.

During his first year here at the Academy "Boink" never failed to dismay his upperclassmen with his radical views on everything and was called on many times during the day and night to appear before his upper class critics in order to support these views.

An ardent supporter of physical fitness, Paul could be found lifting weights during every available moment such as between classes or after dressing for liberty.

Because of his slippery nature and ability to thoroughly confuse everyone, "Boink" managed to slide out of many sticky situations.

An easy-going guy with an off beat sense of humor, Paul fostered harmony in the classes just as sandy oil does in a noisy machine.

MICHAEL FRANCIS CUNNINGHAM
24 Gardenside Street
Roslindale, Massachusetts

After being ostricized from Ireland by the shelalie of St. Patrick, it was Mike's fine choice to come to M.M.A. to apply his serpentine characteristics in the nautical world.

It didn't take long for the "Snake" to achieve popularity, true friendship and respect among the class owing to his intelligence, hard work and the unselfish desire to even give the skivies of his — to promote a good laugh.

As an avid member of the gorge, Mike sponsored the "skaters" many times with antics above and beyond the call of duty earning him a fine reputation with the Jarheads in Trinidad.

The inability to keep out of mischief, the yearn for suds and sacks have no bearing on the qualities of a fine engineer as Mike has diligently proved.

With a fine character, the determination to make good and the enthusiasm to learn, we have no doubt that Mike will make good in his well chosen field.

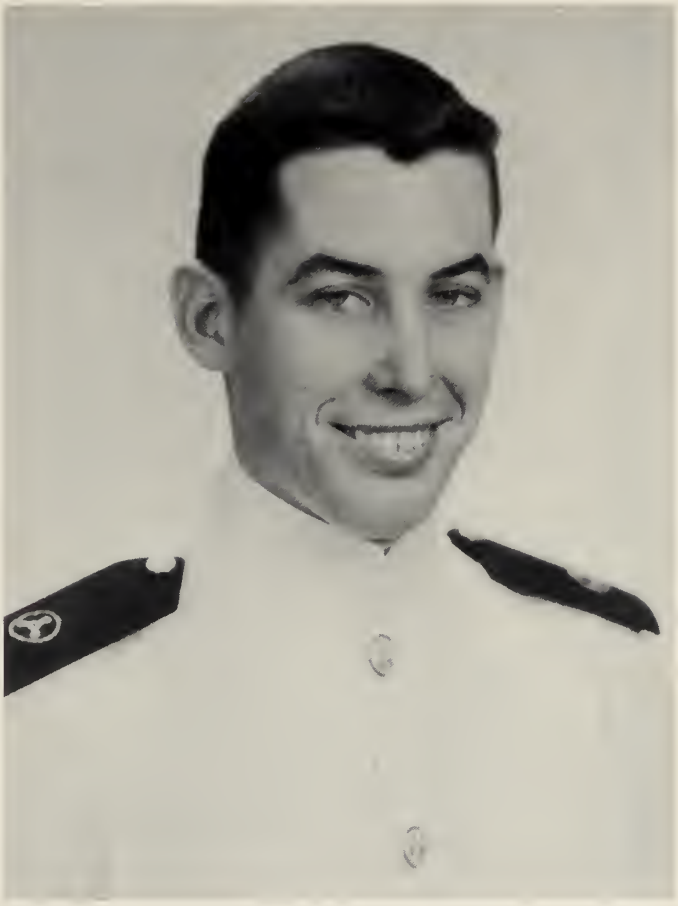
"Snake"

Century Club
Ring Dance Committee
Muster Staff
Circle K
Cross Country
N.S.A.C.
Lucky 7
Propeller Club
Fuel Oil King

Once a week, need it or not.

"Lust King"

Watch 1 Old Guard
Baseball
Football
Newman Club
Propeller Club
Lucky 7
Mickey Mouse Club
Soccer Team



LEO J. DONOVAN, JR.
124 Diersch Street
East Weymouth, Massachusetts

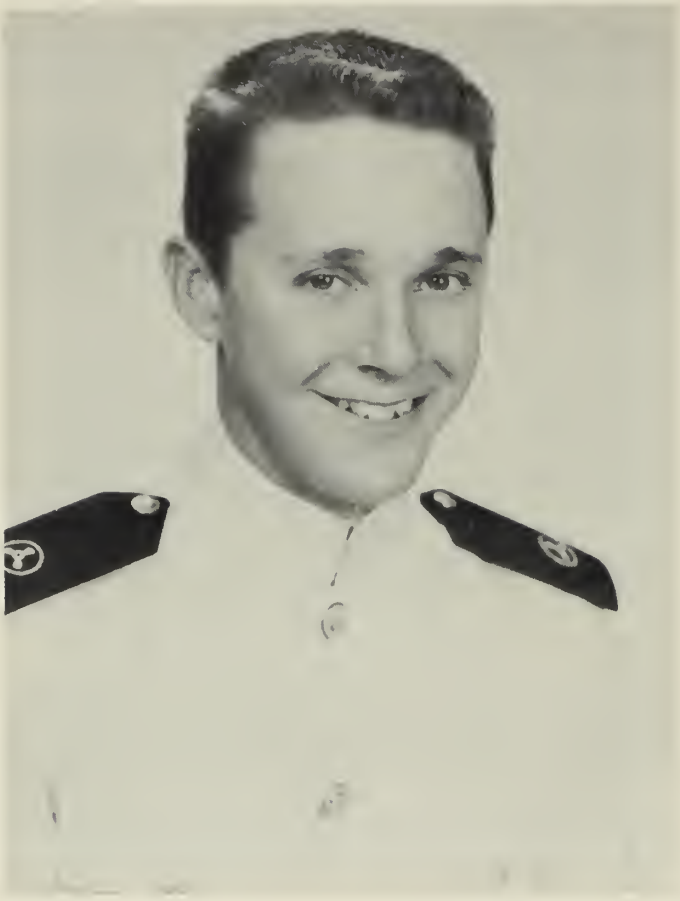
"I should have never used a blade."

"Hey Kids, what time is it?" Following this familiar T.V. cry, one would hear the squeal of rubber as the "Kid" peddled his stroller across the Rec Deck in order to watch his favorite T.V. program.

When Dunny first came here, he found it very easy to adjust to this military life because of previous training at the Beaver Country Day School. On a typical weekend, Leo would stop in at the local Cumberland Farm's store and, with false identification, would purchase a six pack of chocolate milk and a pint of wheat germ. Following this, he would visit all his playmates, who had received special permission to stay up after supper in order to see "Little Leo".

Leo has always been an ardent fan of sports and because of his obvious ability in baseball, he had no trouble earning a place on the bench where he remained the entire season.

Seriously speaking, Leo was not a person who tried to create a false impression. He never tried to be someone he wasn't and because of this sincerity, and his consideration of others, Leo will always be remembered by us all.



"The Downs"

N.S.A.C.
Muster Staff
Cross Country
Century Club
Ring Dance Committee
Night Riders
Lucky 7

E. J. DOWNING
5 Flax Pond Terrace
Lynn, Massachusetts

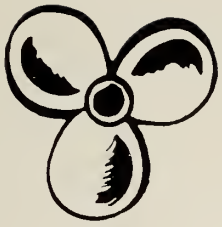
On August 8, 1961, while driving home to his nest in Lynn from a weekend on the Cape, Ted once again slipped off to the land of sacks, as he fell asleep at the wheel of his car. By some strange quirk of fate his car coasted through the Academy gate and rolled to a stop at the bottom of the gangway. Upon inspection of the car, "Squared Away Downs" was found sleeping peacefully on top of the dashboard. He was immediately taken aboard along with the new third class who were then reporting aboard. When the Downs awoke in two days he found himself dressed in the uniform of a midshipman and he had already made three trips to Captains Mast for laying eggs in his rack. Not one to make hasty decisions or believe everything he hears, he spent his first two years here thinking that the "Bay State" was an excursion boat from Rowes Wharf.

With his unlimited sense of humor, Ted had no trouble in finding a place with Mr. Wrights Dead End Kids, where he displayed his prowess as an engineer and also his ability to skate.

One of the most caustic harassens in our class, Ted always had the last word, except at 12:45 on Wednesdays.

Each coin has two sides and this also applies to Ted Downing. Along with the often seen happy go lucky Downs there was the side of solid common sense and clear judgement by which we will always remember him.

"But Captain, I am squared away."



"Foxie"

Yearbook Editor-in-Chief
Circle K Club
Secretary
Watch 1 Old Guard
Baseball
N.S.A.C.
Drill Team
Honor Guard
Lucky 7

"You're not using my head for a whofa ball."

JAMES PATRICK FOX
673 Boulevard
Revere 51, Massachusetts

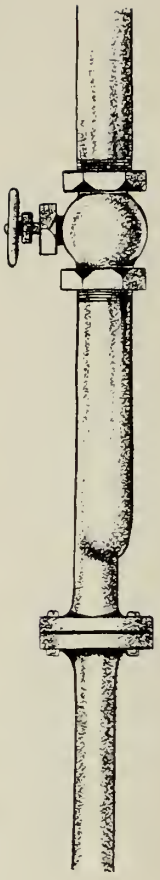
On a very hot mid-July day, Jimmy was spending a restful day on the beach near his home in Revere, Mass. Because of the intense heat, the air within his head expanded to the point where he became airborne and soared skyward. Due to the strong wind, Foxie soon found himself over Buzzard's Bay and heading for the open sea. But an observant first class middie aboard the Bay State saw his plight and pierced his head with an accurate shot from his lyle gun. Foxie quickly descended and landed aboard. With his life long association with the sea, Jim decided to make the Academy his home for the next three years.

During his first year, Jim excelled as a student and found himself near the top of the class. During his second year, however, Foxie ran into trouble because he was unable to manipulate his slide rule to the beat of Morgan's "final exam finger tapping." After a 3-week vacation from the academy, Jim returned to augment the gorge with his amusing anecdotes and soon became director of our Lonely Hearts club.

In his 3 year stay, Foxie displayed an untiring willingness to work by taking part in various clubs and taking on the responsibility associated with with being Editor of the yearbook.

To Jimmy go our wishes for smooth sailing in his chosen field.

SECTION II



L to R, Front—Crowley, Leydon, Harrison, Peabody, Lt. Tonnello, **Rear**—Leonard, Kuechler, Jones, Hartnett.

Again this year Machinery Division was under the able leadership of "Mr. Maintenance", Pancho Tonello and his able assistant, the ships answer to Howard Johnson, Angus MacLeod.

Mario's Marauders were "expected" this year to play an important part in the maintenance program of the Bay State's after engine room.

Our Battalion Commander, Y. A. Turtle, was welcomed into Section II with open arms. We all envisioned many deals with "Old Chrome Dome" in our section and Turtuga didn't let us down. The "neckless one" proved to be a man of many words and when he wasn't running pools in order to call Iowa, he could be heard conversing on the talk back system with his other female friend, or pulling "deals" in his "Phantom" hideaway.

Our charter member of Phi Re Kappa Tread, Bashed his way through an extra year of concentrated math study with the "Annapolis man" to the top spot in Watch II. It has been rumored that he attained this position because of his extensive knowledge of Go-carts. But never let it be said that Basher led his marauders with a light foot—the deck plates buckled and many youngies lay trampled as he wallowed through the engine room.

Rose petal Hartnett, Vice President of the C. A. C., proved to be a capable and determined engineer and spent many hours behind the boiler puzzling over the difference between the main steam stop and the soot blower root valve. Well, Bob, it looks like Snovo was an appropriate name for you.

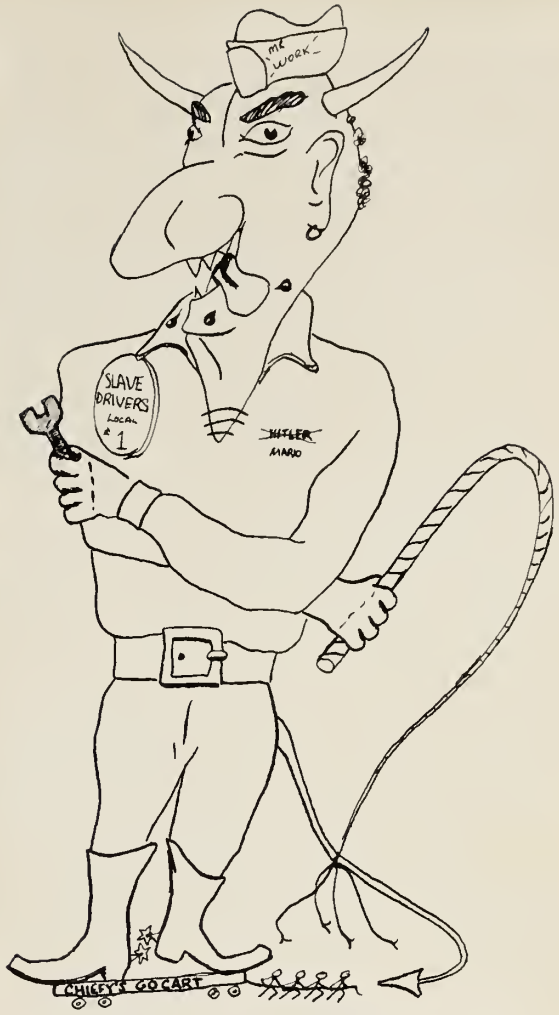
Another member of Phi Re Cappa Tred is the man of a thousand faces, old "Putty Face" himself. Although Dick never demonstrated his vocal ability at the Academy, his Sunday afternoon renditions of "Its a Grand Old Flag" may put "Fatty" Gallagher out of a job at Ma Hayes' "Ranch House".

Out of a cloud of body powder and attired in his lace nighty comes Brodger Caronson. Brodger's dainty clothes and pink blanket have won for him the bunk-mate of the year award.

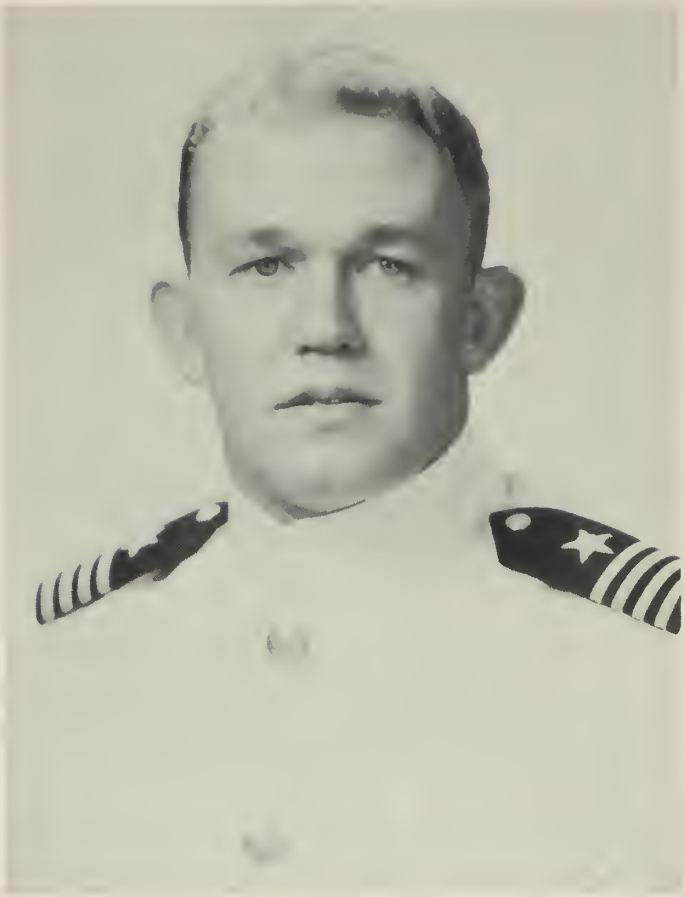
Another representative of Florist Telegraph Delivery is Mr. 8⅜ "Wonderful Jack". Jack proved quite capable as a hat man under the guidance of Arvid, Dick, Howie and the other guys. Because of his long association with the North End his 10 P.M. discertations on religion and race hit on some of the "basic" dogmas regarding these subjects.

The annual contribution from "Fish Town" is Brucy Nice, whose many hours in the machine shop deserve more than a 3.3. I guess it takes more than a "nice" line, huh Bruce?

Now bringing up the REAR—his favorite position—we have Nelson Q., our 19 year old human typewriter. Jerry is a non committal type of individual who is content to remain in the BACKground and it is probably for this reason that he has become the chiefs fair-haired boy.



1. "I'd say that's about .002."
2. "Three dozen roses, please."
3. "Try some of my body powder."
4. "Oooops!"
5. Checking the formula.
6. "This is the way Harvey said to do it."
7. "Bribery will get you no place."



WARREN F. PEABODY
41 Evans Road
Marblehead, Massachusetts

From amongst the rocks behind the Corinthian Yacht Club the bald headed "Turtle" began a long migration to the Southern waters of the Mass. Maritime Academy. Soon after arriving the "Tortuga" displayed a cheerful disposition and natural ability which made him very popular amongst our first class tormentors. This wide acceptance always assured him of a full nights sleep.

During his second class year Butch changed his brand of Cigarettes to Parliments and could often be seen running through the engine room forcing cigarettes upon Father Fred.

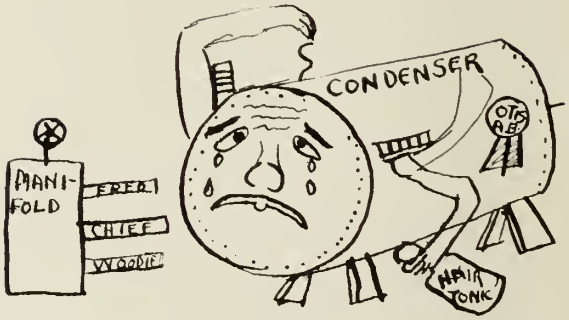
Butch's hard work, starched Tee shirts and study paid off for he was able to pull the winning vacuum and suck in the big four.

Through his determination in all undertakings Butch won the respect of the entire class. There is little doubt that Butch with his personality and perseverance will become a leader in his chosen field.

"Butch"

Ring Dance Committee
Football
Circle K Club
Back Door Society
N.S.A.C.
Drill Team
Honor Guard

"Of course I want a haircut!"



"Basher"

Newman Club
Propeller Club
S.O.G. Club
Golf Team
Phi Re Cappa Tread
Rifle Team

"51 pounds isn't much to lose.

PAUL ALBERT LEONARD
228 Linwood Ave.
Newtonville, Massachusetts

As Penance for his serious sins of gluttony, the Basher was ordered to spend three years at Massachusetts' private Purgatory. He soon ran into trouble though as it was found that in order for him to go below decks all the hatch boards had to be removed and additional strength members added to all decks.

Change of trim problems in Capt. Woodland's class were made easier when a change in weight position was likened to the Basher walking athwartships. All Paul's dreams of culinary delights turned to nightmares though in the middle of our upper job year when the Navy decided that his up keep would be too high in his condition at that time. So much to his displeasure Paul's absence became conspicuous at meal times.

It was not long before Paul became noted for his pleasant nature and hard work and these qualities led to the Presidency of our Newman club and the two stripes in Mario's work gang.

To one of our most respected classmates goes a hardy "well done" and a wish for continued success in the future.

"Bill"

Circle K. Club
Propeller Club
Gourmet Club
Daytime Night Riders

WILLIAM MICHAEL HARRISON
24 North Court
Tiverton, Rhode Island

In the fall of 1961 one of the nicest things that ever happened at M.M.A. occurred as "Brodger Carenson" came aboard to begin his thorough study of the mating habits of the American female.

Personal neatness is one of Bill's major virtues as well as his pursuit of the nicer things in life such as his pink blanket and pastel pillow case.

Bills far reaching knowledge of obscure subjects kept most of us in a constant state of amazement. Bill attributes his good health to a proper diet and he maintains that eating at the "Y" leads to a healthy body.

An even disposition and a quick mind convinces us that Bill will accomplish any task which he may have to face in the future.

All the best to a good shipmate.

"It feels so nice next to my body."

"Bob"

Baseball
Soccer
Rifle Club
Weight Lifting Club
Propeller Club

"Now to get this main steam stop closed."

ROBERT CHARLES HARTNETT
11 Trull Street
Boston, Massachusetts

We'll all remember that fateful day when the Bear from the forests of Savin Hill came down to the Boggs for three years of hibernation. "Hardnutts", you see, had been well prepared for a salty stay here with his countless courses in ancient Greek, Pig Latin, Debating and Chinese History.

Forced (honorary) member of our 20-20 club and with the relentless efforts of "Boink", his brother, and the "Gull", Bob was pushed, pulled and hauled through three academic years. Usually quiet, Bob will longest be remembered for his feat in Barbados, his engineering skill and his minimum of eight hours of sleep (to our consternation) each day.

An amiable shipmate and procrastinating worker, the apple of Chiefy's eye to boot, Bob's sure to find a favorable wind ahead.

"Nelson Q"

Baseball
Propeller Club
S.O.G. Club
Back Door Club
Gourmet Club

GERALD BRIAN CROWLEY
25 Tirrell Street
North Quincy, Massachusetts

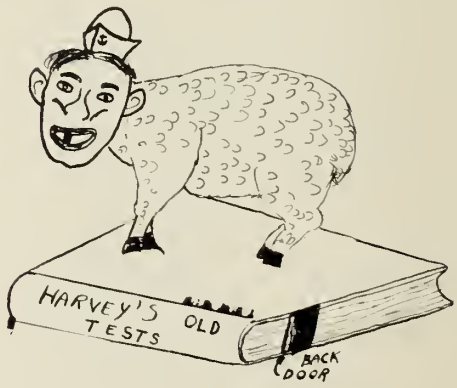
Slam!! The back door sounds as Nelson Q. Phartski is home again for another weekend liberty, giving all those cuties from North Quincy High a thrill by his weekly appearances at the high school hops decked out in job suit and armed with countless sea stories.

Starting the year off as an avid member of the I-50 list, gave him the necessary incentive to pursue his weaker studies and he soon became an elite member of the extra weekend and just think, he is only 19.

During his three year stay at the Academy, Jerry wove many entertaining yarns of his latest lady killings, and most enjoyable were his weekly accounts of the "Nuge" problem, in which many of the midshipmen were involved.

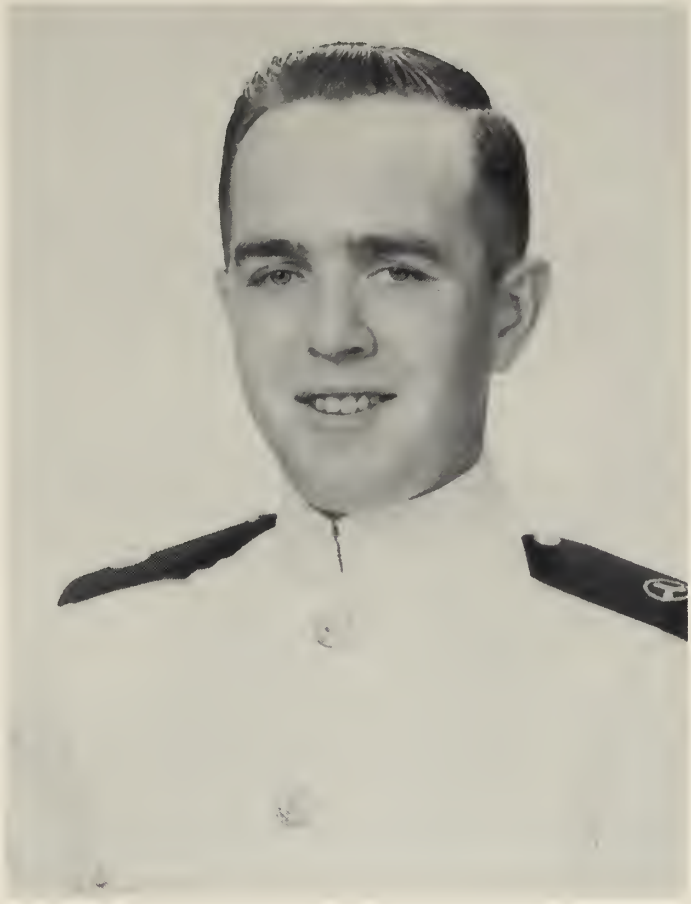
Jerry became one of the most popular members of the class (at exam time) which might be attributed to his extensive library of past notes and tests. With particular punctuality and delicate neatness, Jerry will encounter little trouble in pursuing his career.

"According to Harvey's notes, this line goes to grandmother's house."



"Putz"

Chemistry Honors Club
I-50 Club
Phi Re Cappa Tread
Propeller Club



RICHARD WALKER JONES, JR.
Surplus Street
Duxbury, Massachusetts

"Hot weather causes my face to run."

Jonesey came to us from Duxbury long enough to stamp his impression on M.M.A. Although lacking in stature, he made up for his small size by a large voice. Dick is another of the party loving MMAers and attended all the social function with "Sweet Little Sixteen" or there abouts from next door.

A true gentleman when we first met him, now he is one of us. . . . characters (?) shall we say. You can readily recognize him wherever you may be for Dick has that unmistakable look of a left opened can of putty on a hot day. Always the first in his bunk he never failed as a first job, or a second job too for that matter, to be heard to say "somebody turn off the lights."

However, those times are in the past and a very pleasant and successful future lies ahead.

Good luck to you Dick from all of us.

BRUCE CLIFTON KUECHLER
4371 Acusbuet Avenue
New Bedford, Massachusetts

"Cliffy Pooh", or just plain "Nice" to his friends wasn't heard from too much as a youngie, we believe he was too busy with affairs of the heart that year. As a second job though his classmates started to take notice of this very nice smelling boy either after taking a shower, or to the other extent in the classroom where he was forever disturbing the still air with those never to be forgotten aromas.

Cliffy became one of the Waskally Wabbits boys when he just didn't quite make it to the heads one day, this put an end to one of the most notorious gangways of this era.

During the second job year Bruce became one of the Bums favorites and nearly had the athletic stripe in his hands, only to have his attempt thwarted.

"Oh, Bruce", came the call of the many girls he left behind in New Bedford. Seldom seen without Dan, the pair have done their part in courting the female population of New Bedford.

Merchy bound, if he isn't altar bound first, he will be assured of a prosperous and a happy future.

"Nice"

Club I-50
Night Rider
Propeller Club
Football

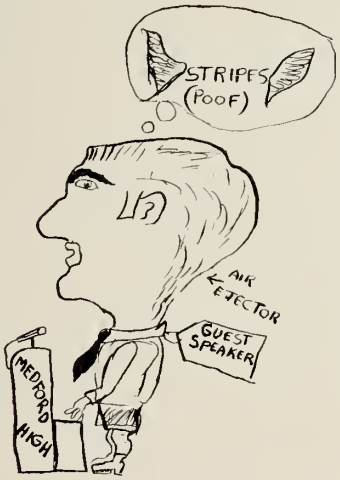
"These seamless nylons are very nice."

"Wonderful Jack"

Soccer
Night Rider
Newman Club
Propeller Club
Jack Leydon Fan Club

JOHN JOSEPH LEYDON
19 Circuit Road
Medford 55, Massachusetts

"What a wonderful looking guy!"

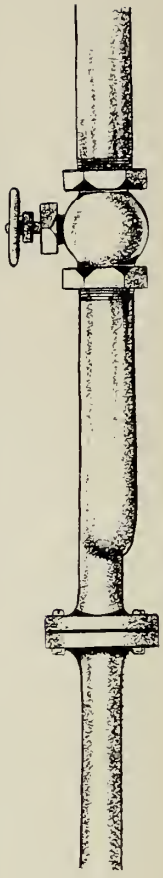


It was a wonderful day in August when "Gunga Jack the A—— Patter" adorned the weed covered walls of M.M.A. It was not long before Jack acquired many friends not only in his own class but also among such upper jobs as "Arvid", "George", "Dick Pal" and their associates. Jack certainly proved to be a protege of Henry Wingate in becoming the big hat man of the class, second only to Hughey Flintstone. This soon proved to be a problem for both Jack and Gruby Al who had to resort to altering hatch tarps in order to provide Jack with hats so that he would present a good appearance when he went on his frequent lecture tours to Medford High School.

We all knew that Jack "Had as much chance for stripes as anyone" but he soon decided that life among the peons offered more in the line of sacks to which he had become addicted.

All kidding aside, Jack proved to be a true friend who was always willing to help a classmate.

SECTION III



L to R, Front—White, Olander, McGinn, Miller, **Rear**—Mahoney, McNeil, Lt. Commander Pratt, Commander Hemmerley, Slade.

This year section three has had the distinction of not following in the steps of its predecessors. It left the distinction of shutting down the main feed pump and closing the feed stop valve to section four. We feel that we were able to accomplish this phenomenum of a successful year because of the before-hand instruction from our illustrious leaders, Hank and Snapper. We will remember Mr. Hemmerly not for his academic contributions, but for his friendly smile and his willingness to answer questions (Bah—Humbug, go see what Lister says). While Mr. Pratt was calmly repairing the P.A. system the first classmen were given a chance to bestow upon the second and third class the full benefit of their knowledge and supervision. Right Mr. Pratt?

Our hairy leader, Yetti, unlike Capone who ruled the underworld from behind bars, has ruled Watch Three without the bars with which he began the year. His second in command, "Yahoo Griffin", spent most of the year supervising. Bitter Bill was always willing to relieve a man on watch, as long as he was going to Captains Mast.

Among the ranks of Bulb Division are: Gull, an expert on raising vacuum by regulating the casing drains; Bozales, Tonies assistant and resident patient at sick bay; and Yon, the man in the know when it comes to anything. "Thank You Yon".

The next two members of the watch include Snapper's right hand man, "Fly-Face" who was always willing to do nothing (A fine exhibition P.F.) And when the job was done you could always count on the "Rodent" to pick up the tools-especially if they weren't his. The "Rodent" is also our peanut butter representative to Panama.

The last member of this group returned for the cruise and to teach us one important lesson—Whiskey and inverted fuse boxes—don't mix. Best of luck to J.K.

With our departure near at hand we would like to thank Hank n' Snapper for their cheerful guidance and instruction in the art of changing light bulbs and painting blower rooms. We now leave Watch Three with the satisfying feeling that we have accomplished nothing, and when an emergency arises you can be sure that a Watch three man will be the first in the life boat.

GULL

"We must have had a bad ice cube."

W.G.O.

Good Morning, First Company

"We'll find out if it's hot."

"Strip the board!"

"Do you think it will fit in my trunk?"

DAVID E. McNEIL
32 Prospect Avenue
Winthrop, Massachusetts

"Messenger!! What is that hairy looking object swimming down the canal"? "It looks like a water buffalo sir. It's coming up the gangway." "Moo - Moo, Me Yette". This was the greeting the O. W. received as the abominable snowman came aboard.

After Dave's long apprenticeship working around Winthrop Harbor he came to us eager to further his abilities as a marine engineer. "Yette" soon found a place in the ranks of Watch Three's light bulb snatches, where he finally worked his way up to the envious position of head bulb snatch.

The Specs O'Keefe of the famous Grubby Al Tee Shirt Scandal, Dave was confronted by many a "hairy" situation.

As an engineer Dave displayed an abundance of good sense and the ability to get the job done. These qualities made him an excellent choice for the two stripes in Watch Three.

"Big Bertha"

Propeller Club
Honor Guard
Drill Team
Century Club
Gourmet Club

"Mooo, Me Yeti."

JOHN E. MILLER, JR.
60 Townsend Road
Belmont, Massachusetts

"I'm sorry Mr. Simkins but my efforts to start the projector have proven fruitless." This remark made by our producer, director, Cecil B. DeMiller, came as a rude interruption to those proceeding to slumber off into the world of Jam Handy spectaculars. The 3-D glasses had to be removed and the popcorn concession came to a standstill as "Yon" desperately tried to free his sticky fingers from the roll of film. John, who is an authority on most everything, is convinced that his productions will eventually replace sleeping pills as a popular sedative. John has always been a very active member of the class and has had his fingers in almost everything.

A conscientious student and a reliable friend, our best wishes go with you wherever your path may lead.

"Yon"

Century Club
Propeller Club
Director-cine Roble

"Hello diesel, this is central."

"Bitter Bill"

N.S.A.C.
Newman Club
S.O.G. Club
Football
Debating Team

WILLIAM R. MAHONEY
22 North Main Street
Whitinsville, Massachusetts

After 19 years of apple picking, at 15 cents a bushel, in his home town of Whitinsville, which is about the size of our garbage battery, Bill packed up his sweatshirt and sneaker and left the shelter of parental care in order to attend college in the big city of Buzzards Bay.

During the first few months here Bill, whose disposition had generally been bright, became extremely despondent and displayed a bitter attitude toward everyone. It was discovered that this attitude stemmed from the fact that his family had moved from their farm to an unknown destination without leaving Bill any clue to their whereabouts, (good planning). After quite some time, through the efforts of his classmates, Bill's disposition began to brighten as he was able to spend many weekends at the homes of those who were careless enough to tell him their address. For his obvious ability to freeload he was given the Harry Griffin award of '63.

In his last year at the Academy Bill found a new home at Ma Hayes' "Ranch House" where his dimpled cheek and perfected speech won for him wide acceptance.

In our three year association, Bill has become close to us all and to our families. Good luck Bill, wherever you may freeload.

"Wewl, it's time to get weady for wiberty."

"Gull"

Soccer
Night Riders
Gourmet Club
Toughness Team
Phi Re Kappa Tread
Propeller Club

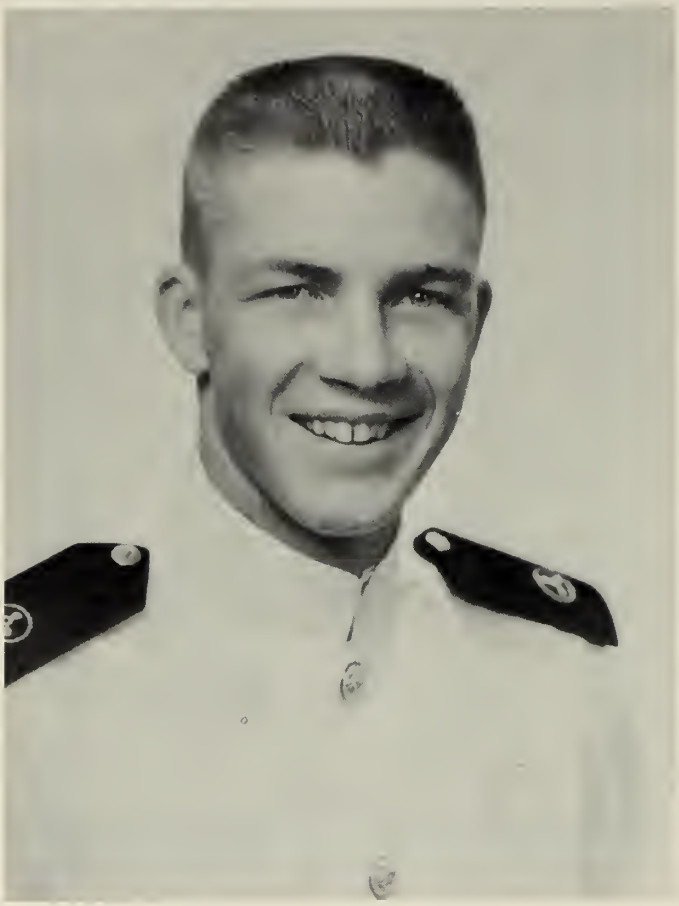
"Look like another tough night in the compartment."

WARNER G. OLANDER
111 Lowell Street
Waltham, Massachusetts

What da . . ., Where da . . ., Who da . . ., its just the gull. Warner came aboard a year before the rest of us for a preview of what was to come. He then took leave of the Academy to take a P.G. course at the Flame Finishing School of Cooth and Culture, after which he returned to become a member of the class of '64.

A real TOUGH guy during his three years down here he finally found his true love in the DARK corner of his heart . . . Due to his physical exercises on the toughness team he finally filled out his chest during his upper job year. Because of his good nature and affable personality he was the subject of many a song and story.

Ya, that was the Warner Gull!!



DAVID JOSEPH WHITE
9 Rice Road
Hingham, Massachusetts

One man to whom each member of the class of 1964 should take off his hat is Dave White. We would then proceed to fill this hat with the refuse from the Mississippi River and place the hat snugly back on Whitey 's head. A certain Boston motorist might be moved even further and pull this hat down tightly around his neck.

Beginning where his predecessor "The Duke" left off, Whitey displayed great accuracy in hitting the spitoon which in his case was any unoccupied area of the deck. As a refugee from the South end (or was it the North end), Dave always displayed a suave manner which earmarked him as quite a lover but only in the period from January to March.

In due time though, we believe that Whitey will even surpass George Tatro in achieving his place in society. As a first classman we know Dave as a bright and hard working classmate whose engineering prowess cannot be denied.

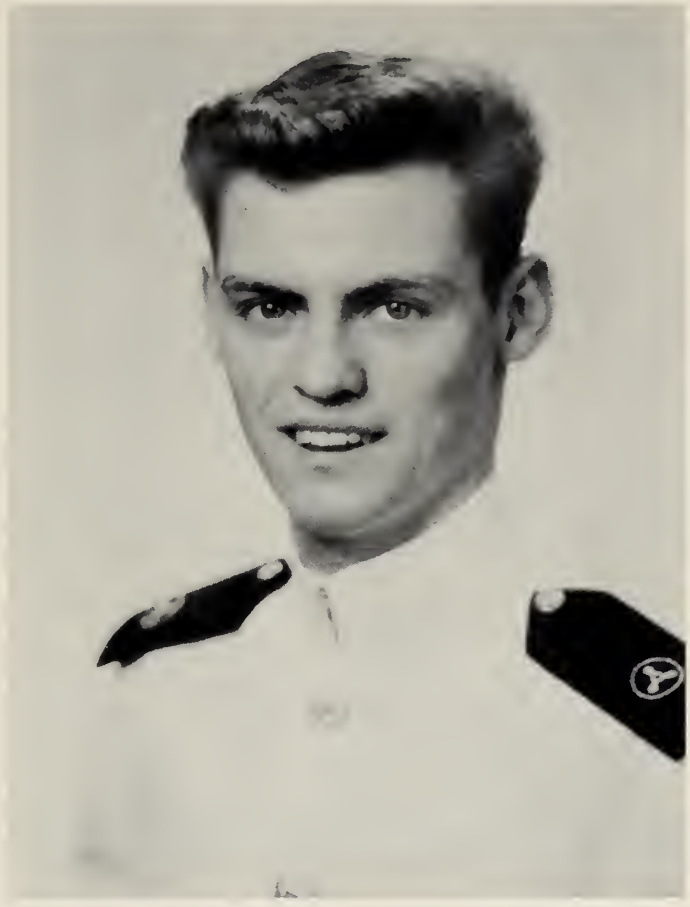
"Whitey"

Baseball
Gourmet Club
Propeller Club
Toughness Team

"Whadaya mean ya ain't never heard of souty?"

"Rodent"

Drill Team
Honor Guard
Rifle Team
Band
Newman Club
Night Riders
Propeller Club



TERRANCE E. McGINN
1540 West Shore Road
Warwick, Rhode Island

"This is going to be a tough one to crack."

His share of the loot from the Brinks Robbery being depleated and the failure of his "Bucky Beaver" commercials, Terry decided to move on to better things. In order to plan and execute the famous Plymouth Mail Robbery, he disguised himself as a Middie and scampered aboard the Bay State via a line left unprotected against rats.

With him were his tools consisting of blasting caps, files, and rubber gloves. These "tools of the trade" were discarded when, as an upperjob, he acquired a pellet gun and resorted to armed robbery in the engineer's compartment. Terry was also responsible for the establishment of his own popcorn concession here at the Academy. It has been reported that he has acquired a sizable fortune selling this popcorn during the intermissions of the Cecil B. DeMiller film features.

Wherever he may travel and whatever field he may "break into", we wish the best of luck to "Old Sticky Fingers".

"Bozales"

Soccer
Football
Drill Team
Propeller Club
Bozales Mopo Fan Club

WINFIELD SCOTT SLADE
185 Highland Street
Taunton, Massachusetts

Bozo Slade left his home port of Cape Verde, which is off the coast of Africa, in order to follow in the nautical footsteps of his ancestor Bozalas Mopo.

Upon arrival here at the Academy, Scott had difficulty at "capsizing fractions" and in an effort to score points with the "Fat Man", he became an avid churchgoer and lover of the Ceasaphone. These efforts proved fruitless, however, and Scott joined the ranks of the mighty I-50.

With his private room at Brighton Marine and a stockpile of pills and medication, Scott was often called upon by Tony to fill prescriptions and offer medical advice.

Scott's real value became evident as he assumed the role of Bunny's mouthpiece on the soccer team. Because of his timely comments on the field, Bozalas earned a place "on the bench" where he could direct the team's strategy.

As just reward for his role as "youngie defender", he was able to edge out Viola Foley for the "Mother Hendy Award" of '63. Together with "Big Herb", Scott will overcome any obstacle that confronts him on the ladder of success.

"But Tony, I really am sick."

BAY STATE

SECTION IV

L to R, Front—Richard, Quintero, Sexton, Tichon, **Rear**—Lt. Commander Crosby, Snow, Vienneau, Sullivan, Quirk.

On any given day the bleary-eyed members of section four would present themselves at maintenance formation and vainly try to determine what happened on their last liberty.

Wallowing in front of his group was "Barrel-Bellied" Vienneau, whose qualifications included halitosis, body order and a green cloud which always followed him (especially on Mondays). His attraction for potent liquids was matched by his attraction for Amazons.

Backing up this leader (3) was the spindely-legged "Frog" who was generally trying in vain to catch up on his rapidly increasing pile of mail.

Forming the body of this assembly were one half dozen seasoned stalls.

Frist was the breast-stroking wetback who was constantly proclaiming citizenship.

Next to him was the block-shaped Neandathal man whose swollen nose gave evidence of his recent encounter with a belligerent female engineer.

Planted beside Wunk was a string-operated puppet who would occasionally come to life and utter a barrage of completely unintelligent sentences which would throw the entire formation into spasms of laughter.

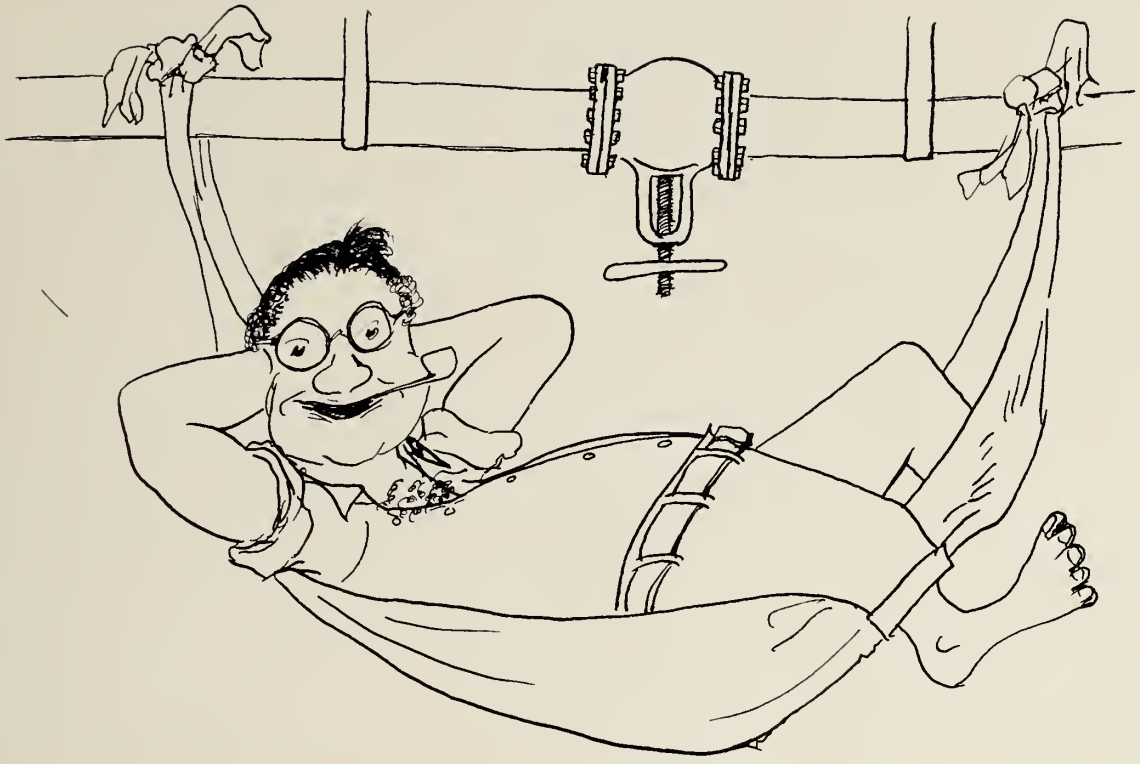
Front n' center was Chesty Puller basking in the glory of his drill helmet and U.S.M.C. gold leaf.

Off in the corner lost in deep contemplation of how to spend less and get more was that intellectual lover of mankind. Poons is a likeable guy but easily confused, much to the amusement of his cohorts.

A continual mettalic ring from the rear indicates the last of this group as the green anthropoid banged his head between two nearby stanchions. The reason for this self punishment was due to his disapproval of unknown persons welding valve wheels to the bottom of his shoes.

Thus did this mob stumble forth into their last year with firm intentions of accomplishing nothing other than the pursuit of wine, women and song; unaware that their nemises would be a loose-limbed, sputtering deckie.

It is with fervent hope that we wish no employer be faced with the disasterous situation of employing all these men at the same time.



"When I was at Finochios . . . "

"Wait till she steps on the ladder!"

"Can't beat a cycle."

"She should be coming down for her nightly rounds soon."

"Here come the reliefs."

"Hmmmmmmm . . ."

ROBERT J. VIENNEAU
76 Clarkson Street
Dorchester, Massachusetts

"Rat"

Drill Team
Honor Guard
Color Guard
Ring Committee
Ring Dance Committee
Gourmet Society
Circle K
President

When the Rat came to us attired in his barf covered sport jacket, pin striped job pants and Cuban heels, none of us were willing to venture an opinion of this creature. The only certain thing suggested by his mannerism was that he had never heard of the A. A.

It did not take Bob long to establish a Hot Line to ships office and because of this he was able to furnish us with information regarding important developments in ships office. Two such scoops were; "I just got the word, Bobby Jobby is an undercover agent for the F.B.I." and "Joe Travaris is running for Superintendent."

"The Bomb Tosser's" three year pregnancy seemed to be drawing to an end as his waistline approached 45" in the waining months of our upper job year. This masculine (?) physique Bob simply attributed to just plenty of good, hard drinking.

Bob's unexcitable nature and calm approach gave him the advantage in many a situation, and made him the head of the Bay State's laundermat. Bob's work in the laundry was quite successful, where the first things to be cleaned were our wallets.

Don't let all the clowning fool you for "Rat's" good sense of humor and high capacity for learning convinces us that "Rat" will not fail to accomplish his high aims in life, to single handedly drink a bar dry.

"Roll out the barrel."

"Froggy"

Night Riders
Weight Lifting Club
Propeller Club
Newman Club
Golfer's Club

DANIEL E. TICHON
74 Green Street
Fairhaven, Massachusetts

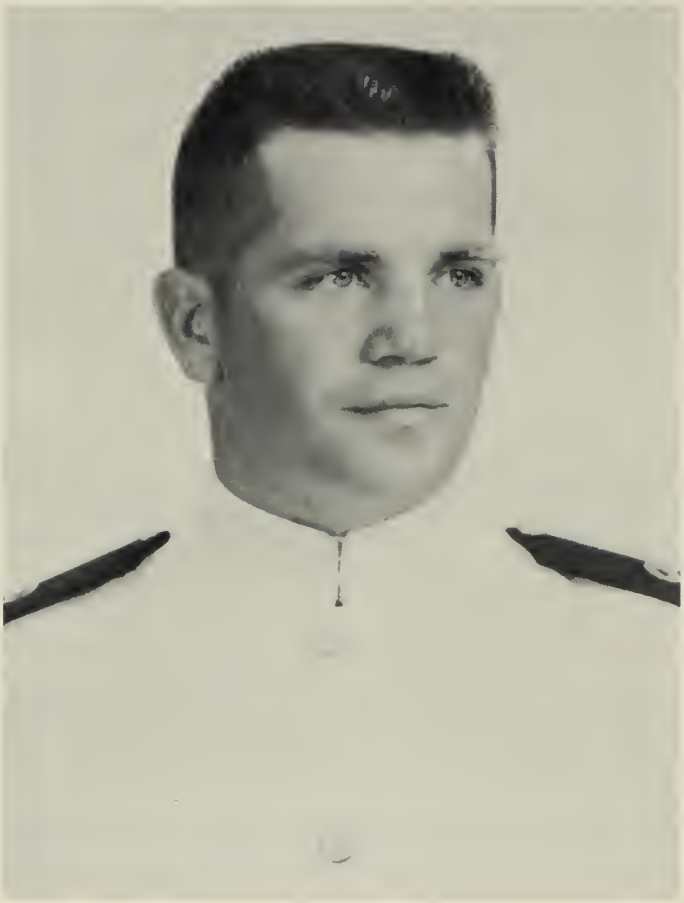
Stepping out of his father's solid gold limousine, Dan decided to pass up the security of his position as cabin boy on the "Lord Nelson" and pursue his career as a wiper aboard the "Bay State". Dan soon won the acceptance of his classmates by his non-stop (not counting Labby's) jet flights from Buzzards Bay to New Bedford and also by always giving away the extra beers he never seemed to be able to finish.

On a typical Sunday night the approach of "Froggy's" Irish Green Piper Cub was evidenced by the overturned Sentry Shack relocated behind the power plant. Then after mowing down the white fence posts like so many blades of grass Danny was ready to land. The occasional failure of his landing gear however soon found him rummaging through the local junk yards in search of spare parts. "Gimmy a gross of rear ends."

Near the end of his first class year, Dianne proved to be a better fisherman than Dan by catching him, hook, line and sinker.

To you and your father's business go our wish for good luck!!

"Advice from the Admiral."



HUGH S. QUIRK
137 Hancock Road
Pittsfield, Massachusetts

Our modern scientists were amazed. Could it possibly be after all these years? Biology books will have to be rewritten, The Neanderthal Man is not dead! At least that was the feeling prevalent aboard the Bay State as Hughey Flintstone swung aboard dressed in his loin cloth suit.

Wunk provided us with many laughs as he swung by his toes among the valves stems. The sight of Hughey running onto the soccer field had a devastating effect on the spirit of the opposing team as they unvariably sought refuge in the Perfetti house until the nature of this creature was determined.

His aggressiveness and willingness to work will enable Hugh to attain his goal in his chosen field which will probably lead him to a career with United Fruit.

"Wunk"

Soccer
Football
Newman Club
Night Riders
Century Club
Propeller Club
Neandethal Union

"United Fruit, here I come."

"Poons"

Night Riders
Propeller Club
"4-H" Club

DAVID E. SEXTON
71 Fenway Drive
Springfield, Massachusetts

"Sometimes these books confuse me."

After the failure of his alfalfa crop due to the dry summer of "61," "Poontang" packed up all his earthly belongings, consisting of: 3 issues of "Jack & Jill Magazine", a copy of the farmer's almanac, a list of wornout jokes, and a broken pitchfork to defend himself. These articles were piled into the "Orange Peel" and he started his trek from Chickopee Falls to the big city of Buzzards Bay.

After the initial amazement of seeing so many big buildings at once with indoor outhouses and "lectric" lighting had passed, he settled down to learn the ways of the iron horse aboard the Bay State.

When liberty time rolled around, Dave could always be found headed "STRAIGHT" down the Mid-Cape toward "P town". In fact, when liberty time was nearly over, it was sometimes necessary to use a pry bar to separate him from his new found friends at the tip of the Cape.

Dave is, however, one of the few guys who can be counted on to say the right thing at the wrong time, for which he often got ribbed.

We are sure that Dave will be a success at something? Good luck to a swell shipmate.

JOSEPH ERIC SNOW
32 Purchase Street
South Easton, Massachusetts

During the summer of 1961, Joe left his hothouse in Easton, Mass. and transplanted himself aboard the Bay State where vegetation could flourish. A conscientious student, Joe could be often found remaining after class engrossed in conversation with himself concerning the previous class.

Joe had fostered a strong friendship with the ship's cooks since the day he sat in the steam table during dinner to supplement the shortage of turnips.

With his high facial coloring and distinctive eyebrows, Joe encountered little trouble in gaining acceptance in the areas more exclusive fraternities.

Long to be remembered are those Sunday night dissertations at which time "Ungluck Unobrow" held us in disbelief as he related to us his experiences of the weekend, (It took about 5 seconds.)

Smooth sailing, Joe, and good luck to your shipmates.

"Vegetable"

Football
Century Club
Propeller Club
Truck Farmers Association

"I still don't see why steam is hot."

"Devil"

Cross Country
Drill Team
Newman Club
Class Jester

PAUL RAYMOND RICHARD
82 Harman Avenue
Seekonk, Massachusetts

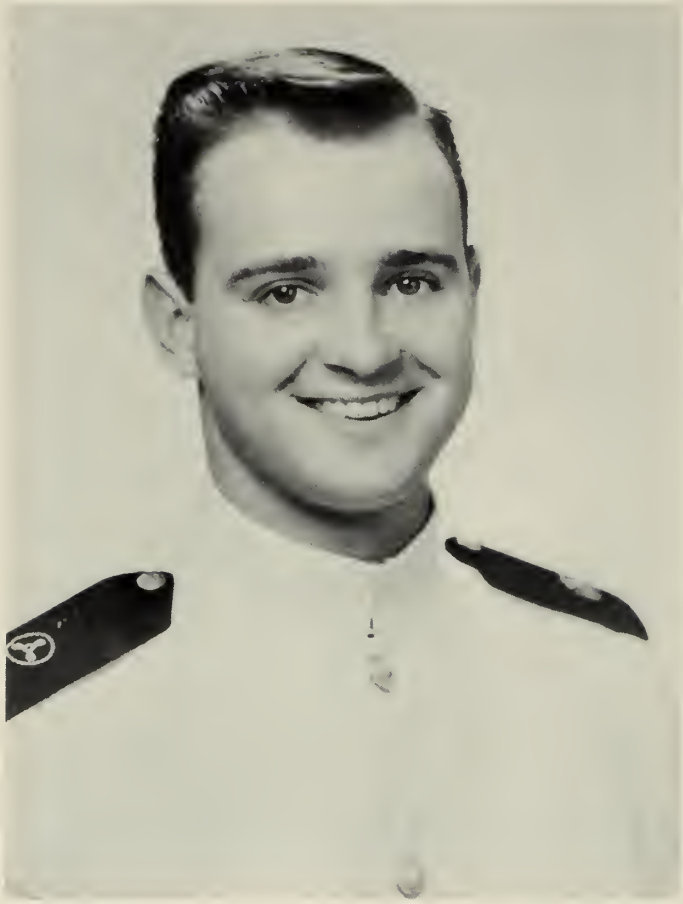
"Ki-ki, ka-ka, ko-ko."

With the failure of the Paul Winchell — Jerry Mahoney show, and with the Seekonk timber company threatening to destroy him because of a small brown growth on his bark, we find knuck in a most precarious position. But Devil did not despair, instead he reasoned that he would never drown (wood floats) and therefore he was willing to try the life of a sailor.

Soon after, "Poor Devil" found himself engrossed in the many strange facts of his liberal education. One such fact was his course in Animal Husbandry which consisted of walking his phantom horse "Diablo" about the ship.

Although Paul is a quiet, easy going person by nature, he did, however, manage to get his roots into hot water occasionally (caused by a mixup in his strings). When this happened, he would make an appearance at "Tricky Dick's Demo Derby", where he could always be heard babbling incoherently in protest; ki ki, ka ka, ko ko.

We want to thank Paul for the many opportunities to laugh which he provided, without which life would become very dull here at the Academy.



WALTER A. SULLIVAN
81 Tyndale St.
Roslindale, Massachusetts

After numerous attempts to enter the Marine Corps, only to be turned down because of a mix up in gender, our X-belly dancer from the Casba joined our ranks to become a Merchant Mariner and learn all the niceties of the engine room. Due to Walter's ambition and eagerness to help, he could always be found on some club or committee such as the time when we sponsored our favorite girl "Fifie" to compete in the Miss Twenty Acres contest. As organizer of the Taylors Point Marines and Captain of the weight lifting team, Wallie became very strong, like da bull.

Now, as we look back over the three years just past here at the Academy we can not think of a more amiable classmate nor better shipmate than Wallie. We wish you good luck and smooth sailing in your search for truth, justice and the M.M.A. way.

"Chesty"

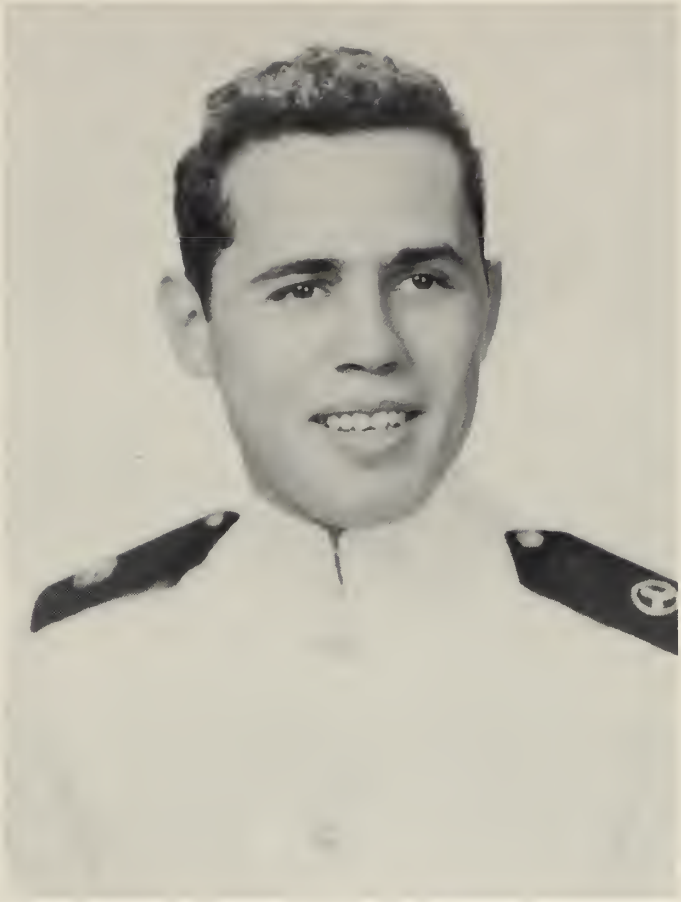
Honor Guard
Drill Team
Weight Lifting Club
Football
Ring Committee
Propeller Club

"Sorry, but I already have a date."

"Wet Back"

Cross Country
Soccer
Propeller Club
N.A.A.C.P.

"I'm not riding in the back."



MARIO X. QUINTERO
1322 West 23rd Street
Houston 8, Texas

Swimming across the Rio Grande into the U.S. and north via the under ground railroad, came the N.A.A.C.P.'s contribution to M.M.A. A fervent believer in equal rights for all, Kinky Quintero's amiable personality and ready smile made him very popular in the class of "64".

Because of the natural ability and good sportsmanship, Kinky earned a starting position on the Bunny's soccer team and spurred it on to a winning season.

After overcoming the loss of his blood, brother Harry Griffin, at the beginning of our upper job year, Kinky's vote in all class elections was reduced to ½. This loss nor his nearness at being Morganized didn't slow him though, for his perseverance caused him to become one of the outstanding engineers of our class.

Although he never seemed to be able to stay out of hot water, he will be remembered as one of the more amiable members of the class. Good luck in the future, Mario.

The Deck

Graduating from the deck class of 1964 will be twenty three well trained and well qualified Third Mates. This designation is a result of many long tedious hours of study and preparation. We now embark on our long career in the Maritime Industry in hope of emulating the standards created and maintained by our predecessors.

Becoming a Third Mate has been a challenge to us during our stay here at the Academy. In attaining this goal the subjects we have had to master have been many and varied, both practical and scholastic.

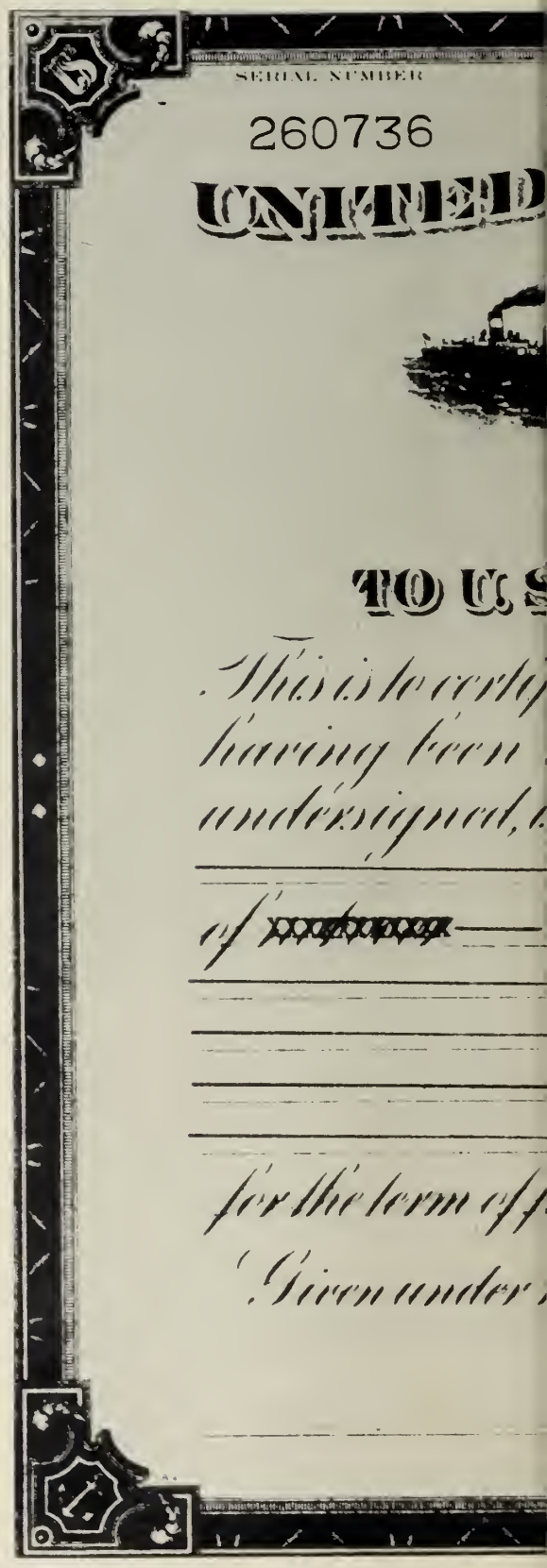
Our first year at the Academy was spent laying a firm academic foundation upon which to build the knowledge necessary for our future endeavors. We were also exposed to a basic study of Seamanship and Marine Engineering. In this first year, self sufficiency, self discipline and the ability to get along with others, were instilled in us to guide us during our stay here, at sea and throughout life. This is the year we learned how to follow orders so that someday we could give them.

Awaiting us in our second year was a gauntlet of professional subjects, supplementing our numerous academic subjects. We were introduced to Celestial Navigation, Rules of the Nautical Road, Ships Communications, and to the History and Operation of the Maritime Industry. Especially interesting was our study of "the inner most workings and hidden most mechanisms" of ships in the Ships Construction course. We felt we were finally on our way to becoming Third Mates.

Our last year was what we called "the beginning of the end" of our many studies. What academic subjects we had our second year gave way to Rules of Marine Inspection, Admiralty, Meteorology, Cargo Operations, not only for the license examinations but for being the best Mate to graduate from any Maritime Academy.

Respectfully submitted

William J. Flanagan
Battalion Adjutant



Divisions

ISSUE NUMBER

3, 5

STATES COAST GUARD

LICENSE

MERCHANT MARINE OFFICER

Thisd _____

ly examined and found competent by the

licensed to serve as _____

_____

GROSS TONS _____ *upon* OCEANS: _____

years from this date.

hand this _____ *day of* _____, 19___.

Port By direction: *Officer in Charge of Marine Inspection*

N DIVISION

L to R: Flanagan, Commander Connors, Foley, Coughlin.

The main purpose of Navigation Division is to assist the Navigator in the maintenance and upkeep of all Navigational aids, equipment, and publications aboard the training ship.

To this end there are three first-classmen assigned to the division in order to complete the assigned tasks. As usual steering clear of work was most difficult, and the unfortunate first-classmen spent much of their time on the carpet because of their failure to carry out the given orders. A clear admonition was usually received, "When I was a cadet we climbed the riggin' all day." So up the mast went the unfortunate two and repaired what the weather had destroyed. There were but few times that the third member of the clan (Who had three) returned prodical to the father. The erring son begging forgiveness.

But all is well for as the sun sets, the stillness is broken by the familiar ring, "Where are those Damn stars", and on lives Navigation Division.

THESE *!?!*-
COMPACTS
PRESS
ECONOM

"Bogger"

Battalion Adjutant
Honor Guard
Drill Team
Class Barber

WILLIAM JOHN FLANAGAN, JR.
40 General Patton Drive
Hyannis, Massachusetts

A rending crash of steel and the twisted wreckage of a red Renault, almost signaled the end of the love affair between Buddy and the Academy. But with the same Military bearing he was to feign throughout his career at M.M.A., Bogger strode forth from the charred remains of Fitzy's car, and let us all know that in spite of his disabilities he was going to make the cruise. His inactivity on the youngie cruise while at sea did not keep him from giving an amazing demonstration of choreography on crutches to a captive female audience in Aruba.

As a class barber, Buddy managed to make ends meet socially and academically, as well as financially. Buddy never ceased to amaze us with the many varied facets that composed his philosophy and personality. His ability to make the best of adversity, and some help from Bill, helped him accomplish seemingly impossible tasks.

His doggedness and perseverance were finally rewarded with his promotion to the second highest position in the Corps of Midshipmen. There was soon a well worn path formed between his and Ship's Office. His accomplishment of many "firsts" soon allayed any unfounded early doubts as to his ability. Buddy has been a blur of activity, often finding it hard sitting down. With his abilities, Buddy should be as successful in the Navy as he has been at Massachusetts Maritime Academy.

"Bob"
Cadet Ensign

ROBERT EDWARD FOLEY
107 Schiller Road
Dedham, Massachusetts

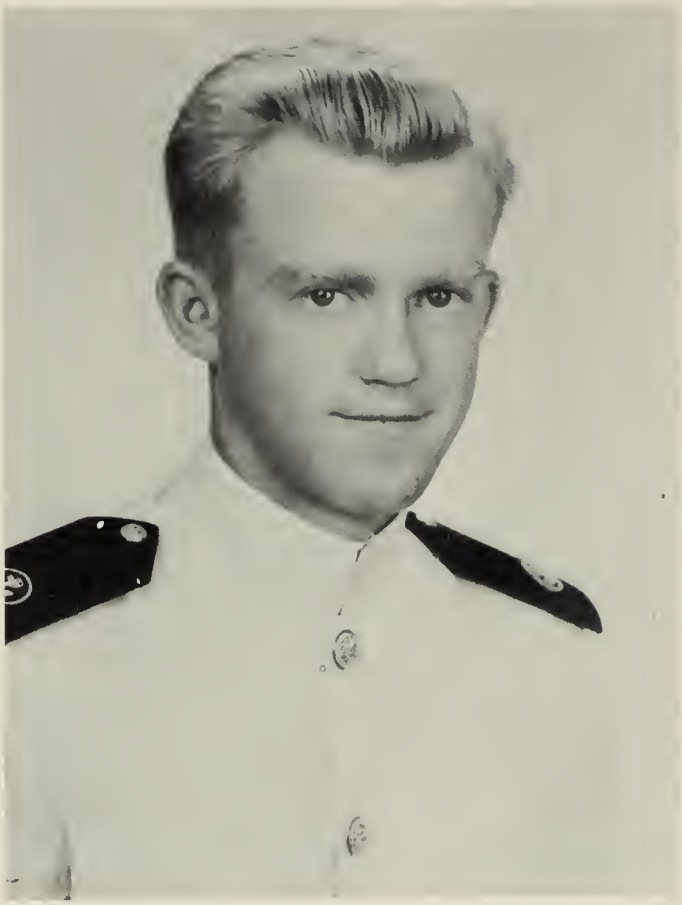
The big V came to us with one big smile, and after three years at M.M.A. things haven't changed much.

Robert, a navigation stud of long standing, hauled in the one and only stripe in that coveted haven. Dad and son, Bob, comprise the dynamic mainstay of which **Bay State's** navigation department has long been in need.

Robert is a friend to all. Proctor of the second-class mess table, his devotion to duty there gave us little opportunity to see him during meals.

Vi was one of the few intellectuals among us who was always ready, willing, and able to divulge information of unquestionable fact, from the breeding period of the platypus to the local hour angle of Tel-star II.

As our class goes its separate ways this July, we shall always remember Bob as a person of great foresight. If he pursues his goals as he pursued Dad, he can not help but to succeed in future life. Best of luck, Bob.



HAROLD WILLIAM COUGHLIN, JR.
13 Westford Street
Allston, Massachusetts

Upon our deliverance to M.M.A., we found many new and amazing things; One of these was "Chief", the indispensible winner in "Who's Who" in his many war stories. Our hours were casually spent listening to his unquestionable knowledge of World War II.

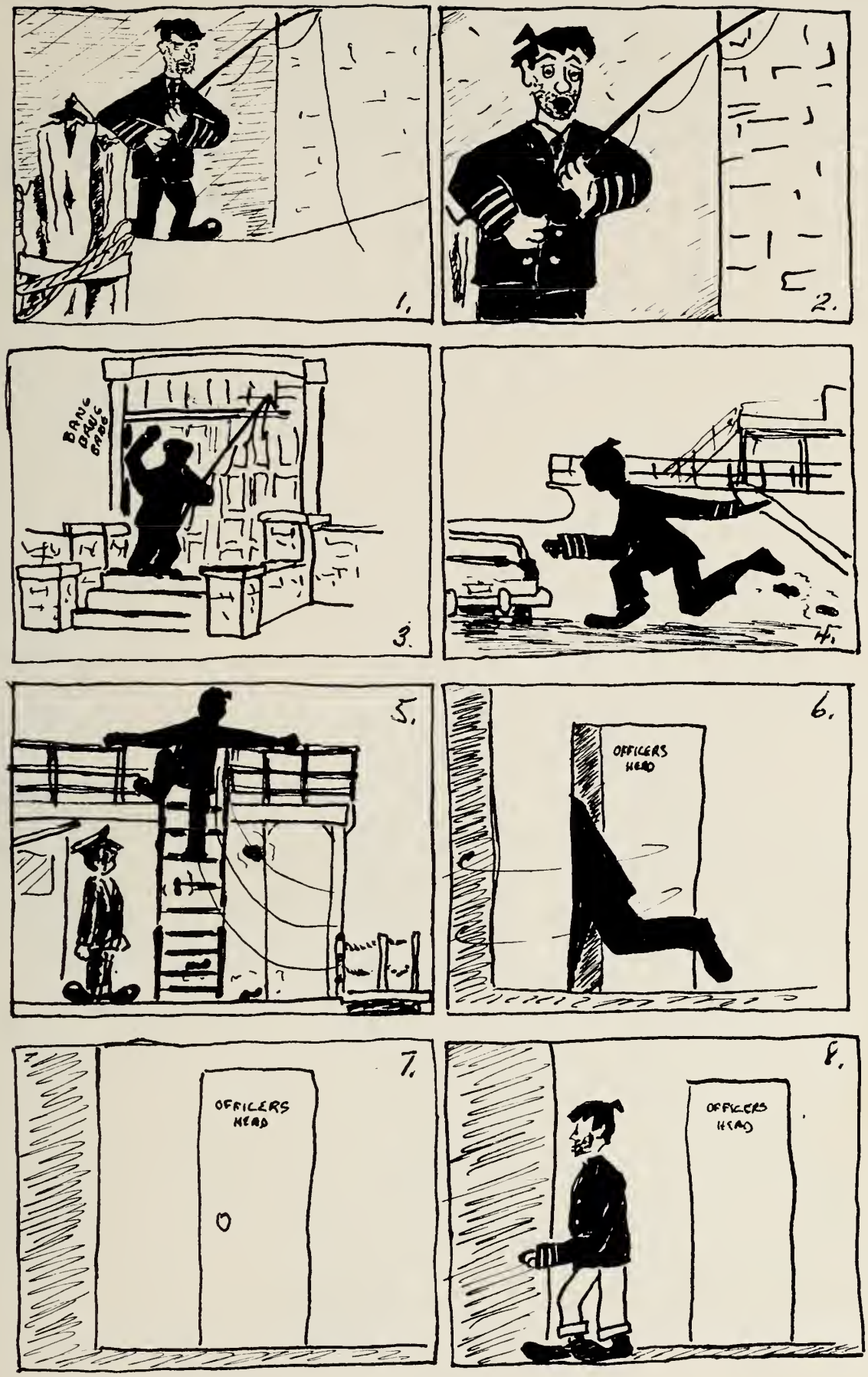
A great believer in " a sound body needs a sound sleep" found our second class year very busy in trying to find Chief-Wherever he may have fallen asleep. At one time, we were contemplating changing his name to "Morpheus" but morning clock windings always managed to shake him from the land of dreams.

The master of his own mind and his natural ability possessed by him will render a fine mate to the Merchant Marine for many years to come.

Happy Sailing Chief!

"Chief"

Phi Re Cappa Tread
Propeller Club
Suspension Club
C.P.O. Nav. Div.


1.
2.
BANG
BANG
BANG
3.
4.
5.
6.
OFFICERS
HEAD
7.
OFFICERS
HEAD
8.
OFFICERS
HEAD

DIVISION I

L to R, Front—Benn, Rear—Gillis, Coyne, Lt. Dorsey, Kelley, Jarzobski, Olsen, Taddia.

One day, with their knuckles shinning in the sun, all hands stood at rigid attention as the crack "Fighting First" was mustered. John Morgan's Division was the closest thing to an Academy at the Annapolis of South Eastern Massachusetts. But lightning was to strike, for as the cruise began J. M. C. was standing on the beach and the whip of command passed into the hands of a fanatic. The state was going to get its money's worth out of its' laborers.

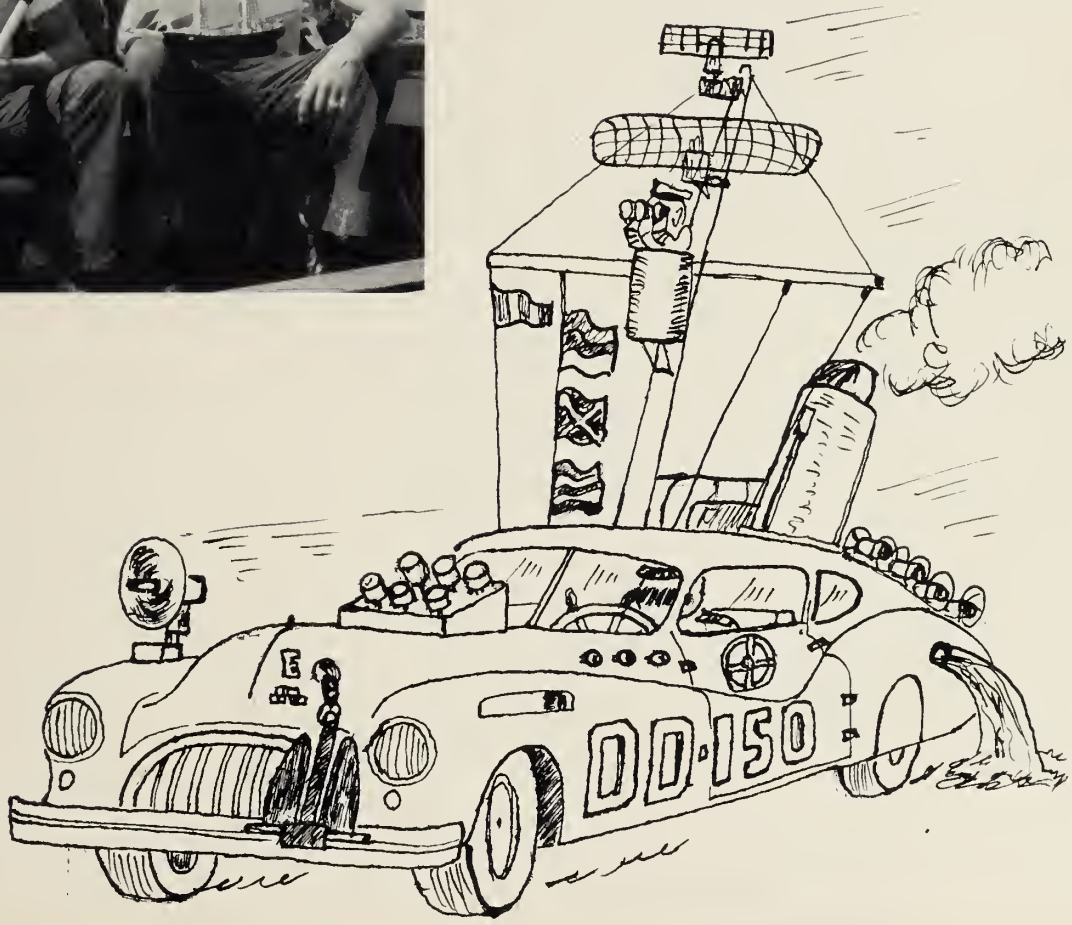
Tom Dogood immediately put his 2 striper, Cadet Lt. J.J.J.J. Jarzobski, Jr. in his proper place, on all fours, and with himself, in blue denim, led the charge on the foc'sle rust.

It was a long, hard struggle, during which a Roman by the name of Taddia emerged from the paint chips as the Division's spiritual head.

Three months the chips flew, the hammers rattled and Tom screamed, "Jarzobski? Who's she"?

In the thick of the fight—in fact they were in so thick it was often difficult to find them—was the Maggot, a baby fly with a mouth entirely out of proportion; Dema who's ambition is to re-write Websters; and T. J. who wondered why Tom kept on disturbing his little world.

Dobie was often found scratching his head wondering if all colleges were like this. Oh yes, now can we forget Bovine! It can be said of first division that they had more stripers than any other division! But if stripers we had, we also had workers, for Morgan boys could always say they got there first. By the way, did anybody ever bother to tell Tom that he was an officer?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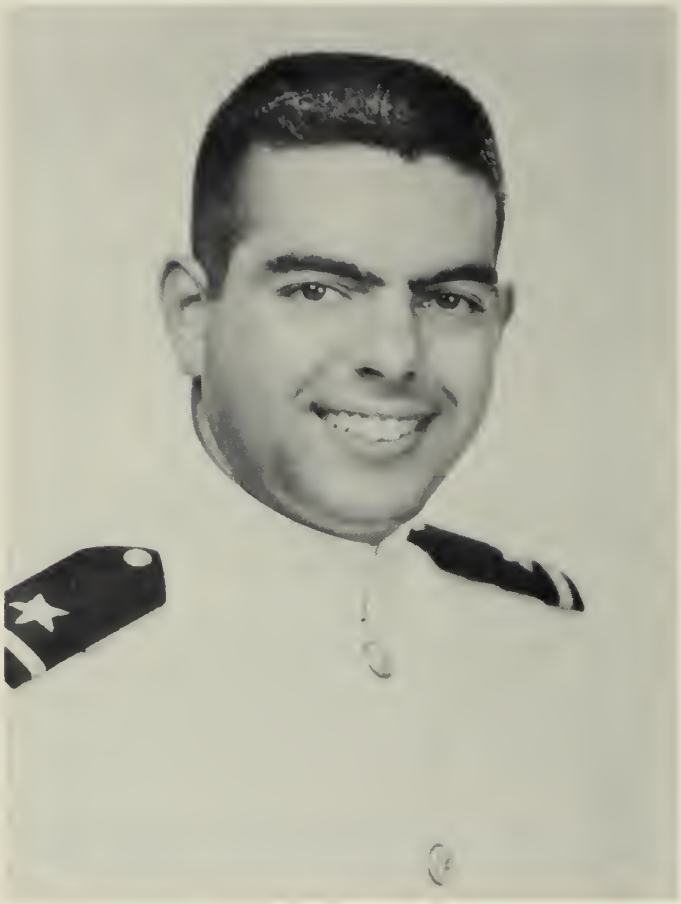


JAMES A. TADDIA
205 Standish Ave.

Lo! What do we see but a walking Crisco ad flitting determinedly in the compartment on those Field Days. This was our first impression of our new classmate but after emulsifying him, we found that he was Costra Nostra's Fabled Golden Boy of Dress White Job Suits—Jim Taddia.

With an exuberance unmatched by anyone, he tore into everything that he could, including 50 sets of dungarees and countless pairs of black socks. Our boy Jim could always be counted on when anyone needed help, if you could find the slippery little guy.

Our second job cruise proved Jim a lot faster than he appeared to the casual glance. In fact, with a chipping hammer in his hand, he was "Greased Lightning". Montevideo has never seen anything like him and his dashing companion.

Always immaculate in his appearance, (the only upperjob with a private washroom). Jim set the standards in the world of fashion with his imported brown shoes. Being the plugger that he is, we're sure that Jim will slide through life with the greatest of ease.

"Guinea"

Cadet Ensign
Rifle Club
Range Officer

"Nephew Alf"

I-50 List
Band Master
Group "C"
S.T.E.O.C.
Ship's (Chuckle) Bugler(?)

A. LEONARD OLSON, JR.
447 Commercial Street
Braintree, Massachusetts

In the hallowed traditions of M.M.A., there is the myth of the shy, honest, pure, modest, innocent young man who is supposed to be the typical "youngie." Until Lenny came, this had remained a myth. But when it was learned that Lenny had informed his Mother that he had been cast into a den of lechers, we knew the myth had come true.

Lenny soon started to take an active part in normal academy life. In fact, he seemed to have his gently prodding nose in everything, and he was a past master at breaking into the middle of conversations. His striking appearance and gentle manner soon earned him the name Ogre Bovine.

For two years he was the best bugler we had (did he really use a bugle?) and justly earned his one stripe as band leader. Only once did he fail to provide us with a stirring tribute at morning colors. No one will ever know if it was due to nasal congestion or a misplaced hand swab.

Lenny should have no trouble in breaking right into the middle of what ever he wants to do in the future.

"Fitzy"

Gourmet Club
Ring Committee
Muster Staff
S.T.E.O.C.

KERRY J. FITZPATRICK
Prospect Street
Waltham, Massachusetts

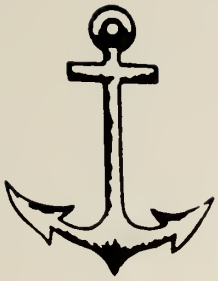
Though most of us dreaded that long straight road to the "Bay State", Kerry met it in his usual manner by walking the entire length in ever diminishing circles. This arrival was a brilliant bit of foreshadowing, for throughout his three years here, Kerry has constantly amazed us by doing nothing but diminishing his little circles.

Armed with a personality reminiscent of a confused Bumstead and the manual dexterity of one of our first Astronauts, Kerry met his father image and Division Officer. However, Lou reminded him, this was not their first meeting. Although Kerry did not remember their first encounter, he kept this quiet.

After cornering the Florida grocery market, Kerry pulled a sleeper in the theater district, and endeared himself even more to Lou with a swinging performance painting over the side in Montevideo.

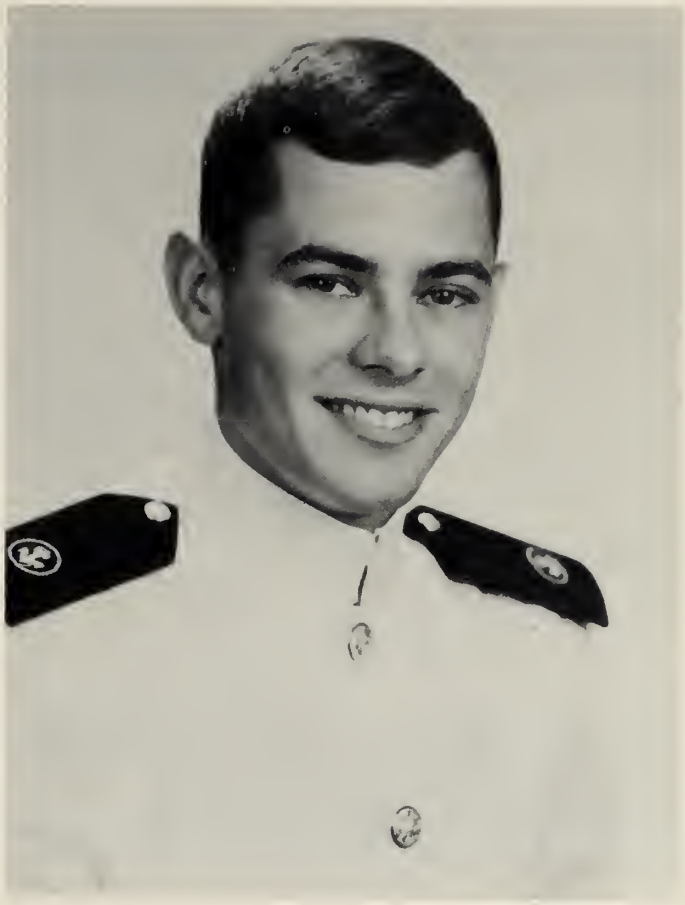
Thus we returned to the Gulch with Kerry firmly ensconced as third div's future two striper. However, twixt the cup and the lip, came a 2.5 in aptitude.

With his gloomy I-50 list days broken only by an overnight conversation in the engineer's compartment, Kerry nevertheless twaddled his way to graduation and amazing future.



"Maggot"

Soccer
Co-Captain '63
S.T.E.O.C.
Muster Staff
First Class I-50 Club
President
Section Leader
(Ret.)



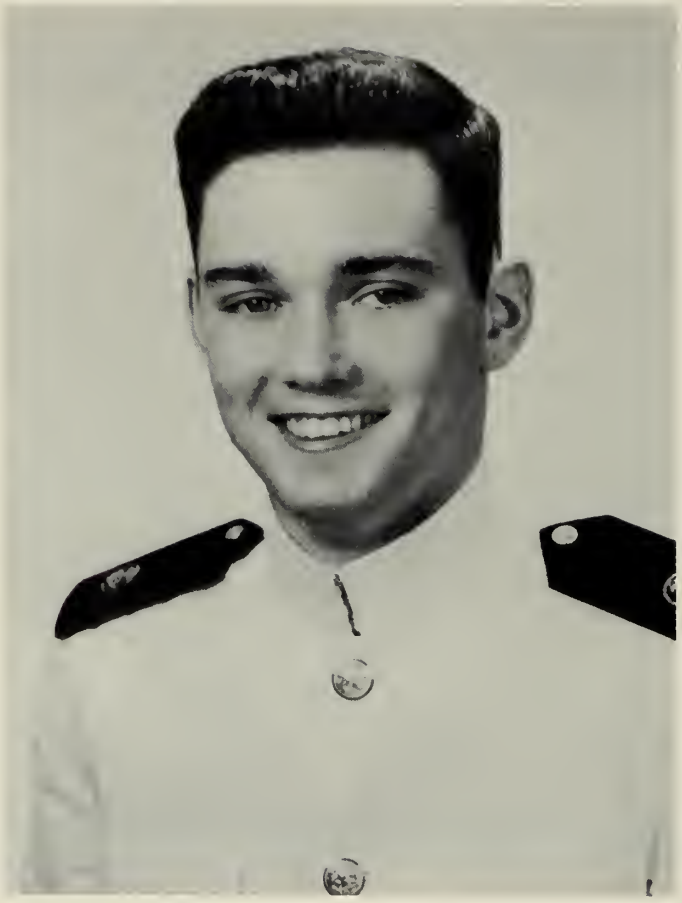
JOHN LUCAS BENN, JR.
7 Locust Avenue
Springfield, Pennsylvania

With a blare of Rock 'n Roll and a swirl of pirouettes came the Maggot, high scorer of Dick Clark's soccer team.

John's natural leadership abilities shone forth in his position as section leader youngie and 2nd job years. During this time he was usually surrounded by an admiring mob of friends and occasionally was forced to fight them off. Although he lost this position in our upper job year, he was convinced to the last minute that he would keep it.

With his early experience on tankers, Mags was a natural for Ships Co. and Navigation. This former experience, combined with a vast store of "useless facts" made him one of the chief attractions at the Lantern Lodge, 1:50 studies, and anyplace else he frequented.

We know he'll do well on any far eastern run.



TIMOTHY JAMES KELLEY
107 Harvard Street
Dedham, Massachusetts

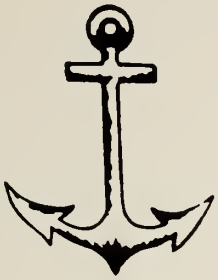
"T. J."

Gourmet Club
S.T.E.O.C.
Century Club Squared
Art Appreciation Club
Muster Staff
Section Leader (D.O.A.)

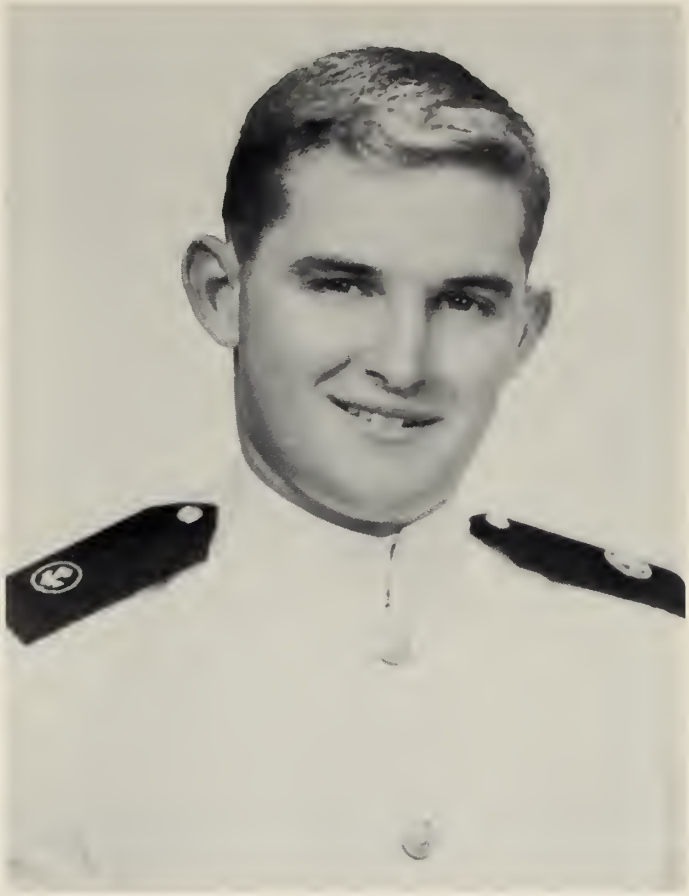
Destined to be one of the prime examples of how M.M.A. can alter a person, "T. J." stepped aboard the Bay State leaving 18 dubious years of misspent youth behind him. His first hair-cut and the responsible task of section leader shook away many cob-webs of his former existence. But enough old traits remained to make T.J. a strong contender for the presidency of the Century Club.

These traits were strongest while on cruise, when he literally fell apart, even losing his new front teeth. As compensation he got 25 demos and two cherries. Primary cause of his downfall was his liquid lust, which even the cooling waters of Captain's Mast could not cure.

T.J.'s mischievous, boyish good looks, toothless smile, and "bonitos ojos" endeared him to many a seniorita en route. But T.J. has changed much from the ardent teen-ager these girls knew. We are sure that T.J.'s only problem in the future will be trying to decide where his self-confessed great talents can be best utilized. Be it as a Deck Officer, Marine Pilot, Secret, Agent, Lawyer or Indian Chief, we, he, and a certain occult "she" are sure that T.J. will be outstanding.



"Dyma"
Century Club
Night Riders



ROBERT THOMAS COYNE
4 Prospect Street
Danvers, Massachusetts

Upon settling in our new home, our class discovered a blue caped figure flying high over the bustling metropolis of tread row. It was not a bird, we soon discovered, nor was it a plane, but was the famous Super-Hero, Bob Armstrong. Many facts also led us to believe that he was also Bob Coyne, quickwitted, mild mannered director of such epics as "Men and Mud at Munda", who along with his stooge "Willie Fun", entertained Morgan into the wee hours of the night. Bob was always trying to set an example for his admirers. In New Orleans he demonstrated the attributes of a good hot shower to us, proving that even superskin can be singed. Another of his pet projects was renovating the English Language, introducing such colorful adjectives as "fantasmagorical" and "supermellergorgeous."

While on a mission of mercy, he was forced to move his broom closet back to Danvers after being discovered absent. Soon he was back conquering Rules of the Road inventing stick Navigation. He won Lou's Heart in Trinidad with his dare-devil painting methods.

Humanity is sure to benefit when Bob as a "Merchie Bum", carries his guitar, motorcycle, chow-fights and Super-Man comics image to the far corners of the world.

GEORGE F. GILLIS
35 High Street
Natick, Massachusetts

From the High School world of Natick to the desolate old world of M.M.A. came one George F. Gillis clad in bobby socks and short pants. These were not long to be had for the unsuitable ways of the upper-job soon transformed not only the days of merriment for this lad but decided to re-name him for his television name-sake Dobie.

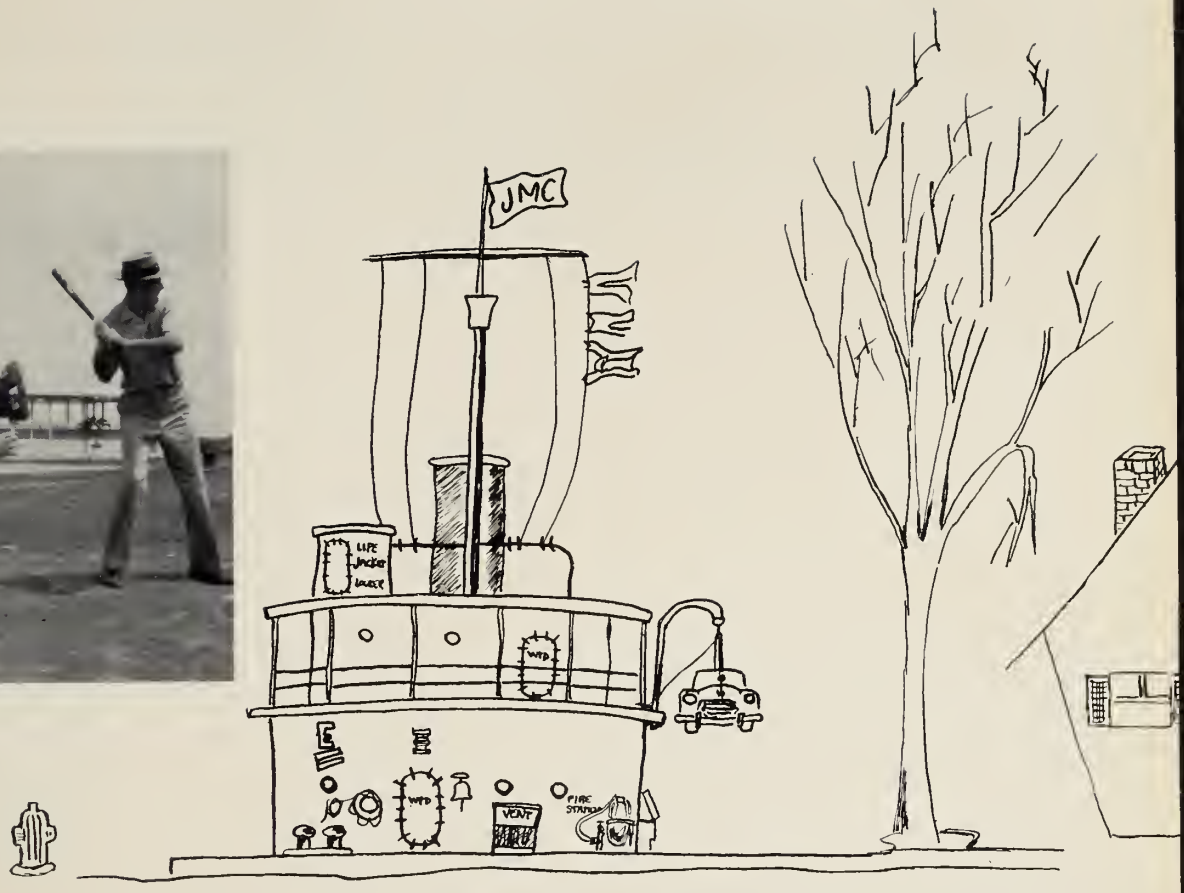
Dobie was a Deckie from the start and found the road a bumpy one as many of us did during our first try at the Academy's scholastic monstrosity but with his youthful determination he has fared to reach the end of the M.M.A. rainbow.

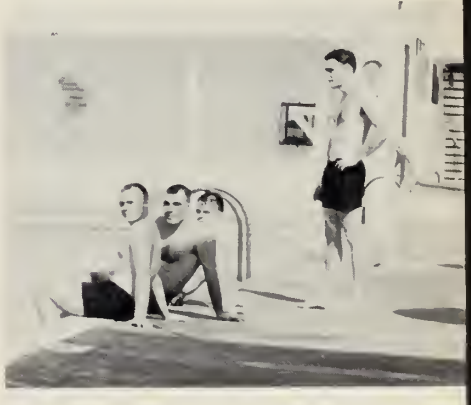
A good classmate and a good friend we wish you the best in your career and with that special Framingham pastime of yours.

"Dobie"

Cross Country Team
Newman Club
Circle K Club
Fencing Club
I-50 Club
Propeller Club

"BUT I THOUGHT THEY SAID WE'RE GONNA HAVE A FIELD DAY!"


JMC
LIFE JACKET LOCKER
WTD
WTD
VENT
FIRE STATION



DIVISION II

L to R, Front—McQuade, Mahegan, Brace, Avakian, Crane, Briggs.

In the midst of God's Country in Bay State Land there exists that Kingdom's largest community—area wise. Second Division is a vast expanse of right red decks and glossy white bulkheads. There is much labor to be done to keep this land beautiful, but no one complains. The work is interesting, enjoyable, and educational. But right in the center of these fine white cliffs and broad plains stand two active volcanos, belching forth ashes and soot from the bowels of the kingdom itself. But the unswerving loyalty of the peasants is demonstrated in their pride at maintaining a spotless terrain in the face of each unforcasted eruption with its resulting downfall of molten lava.

Leader of this happy community is jovial Alan McNaughton who attention to detail is reflected in the state of constant alertness of his men. His motto, "A happy ship is a busy ship".

Alan's ecstatic mood is reflected in the character of his two striper, Jack "Basher" Briggs who has long cursed the day that the cat-o-nine-tails went out of fashion. Thank goodness! And as if Briggs isn't quite bad enough there's Al (Ho Ho Ho) Mahegan, the one-striper who still isn't quite sure just which Division he belongs to. "But the others look like so much more fun". As it is, he spends most of his time making canvas straight-jackets and cutting officers hair. Then there is ol' Nellie Brace whose been around longer than most of us care to remember. He is a tinkerer. Once content at pulling apart radios, he has graduated to automobiles brought by pennies collected through the N. T. Brace chain of super markets.

Peter Avakian, one of the original Arabian Night Riders, has long laid claim to Irish decent. However, his example of hard work is one which many future generations will be inclined to follow. Lightnin' Gym Crain was seldom seen or heard. He was the only person who'd go to work in his pajamas! Last, but hardly least, Jack (Yum Yum) MacQuade could never find enough work to keep him busy. He was always looking for a new job to do.

Yet when these fine souls have passed on—and who could ever replace them—Second Div. will continue in its age-old tradition and constant battle with nature and Hades. Its lessons shall never be forgotten, not the pleasant hours spent in keeping it the most beautiful land afloat—AMEN.

"Basher"

Cadet Lt.
2nd Division
Baseball Manager
Badminton Team
Muster Staff

WILLIAM J. BRIGGS
213 Summer Street
Rockland, Massachusetts

Jack came to M.M.A. to pursue his dream of emulating his idol, H. Hornblower. A Sea Scout and a Navigation Major in High School, Jack got a chance at the final step towards his dream only after two years of trying to convince people that, in spite of outward appearances, he was destined to be a mariner, not a clerk or office worker.

The fact that there was not a single sail aboard the "Bay State" hit our sword wielding "Walter Mitty" hard, but did not deter Jack's yearning. Many similar shocks were to come his way during his sojourn at the Academy, but with remarkable stamina and resilience, Jack amazed us all by proving that he was a seaman and a very good one at that.

At the end of two years, Jack was awarded command of Second Division which he has ruled with a stern, tyranical hand in the best traditions of his 19th Century hero. All the while, Jack has maintained a staunch set of principles, though these were often mistaken for thrift and even outright niggardliness. Maybe some day Jack will be rewarded by finally finding some ship that still goes "round the Horn", that is if his pursuit of dark Barbados shadows do not lead our passionate Humbert astray.

"Al"

Drill Team
Honor Guard
Color Guard
Class Barber
Cadet Ensign 2nd Division
Assistant Business Manager, Muster

ALBERT CHARLES MAHEGAN
141 Circuit Road
Winthrop 52, Massachusetts

"YOUR GIRL COLLECTS PICKLE JARS!"

Somewhere in this great grey world a soul of steadfast beliefs is sailing a swift sloop defending the America's cup. Where in the rules does it say you can't have a huge fan to supply your own wind?

Through thousands of years the laws of science have been pondered and formulated by the greatest minds the world has ever known—only to be shattered by a tall sage emerging from the historic seaport of Winthrop.

Although a figure of questionable business character, Al never refused anyone an appointment in the barber shop. Of course, getting into the chair was another story.

Al took the cruises to heart, spreading American good-will and friendship throughout the world.

After a year at M.M.A., he decided to make a career of Second Division. His Barber shop chatter with the officers firmly convinced them of his great abilities. As a result the Reverend acquired a stripe in the heavenly country.

A jack of all trades, Al is bound to swing a berth somewhere, and we wish him and all the little 'Hegans smooth sailing. Al leaves us with one last thought . . . HO HO HO!

JAMES D. CRANE
32 Calle Chico
Santa Clara, Provincia De Cocle
Republica de Panama

"Befour I caym hear I coodant even spelll midshippmun, now I are wone." The Panamanian spelling champ came to the states in the National Spelling Bee finals, only to become first runner up. What was that word they finally got you on Jim? Oh, yes, "Farragut."

A salt from way back, James climbed the gangway for the first time an impressive figure with sword in hand, "ready to repel all boarders, sir!"

The "Gook" needed a little help, though, as he had not been in the states long enough to fully master English. We still haven't convinced him that 24-hour siestas just aren't the custom.

With his military background, James formed the backbone of the Drill-Squad. "Co-hum, hec hic, hup! Ho!" Look out you don't cut somebody with that thing!

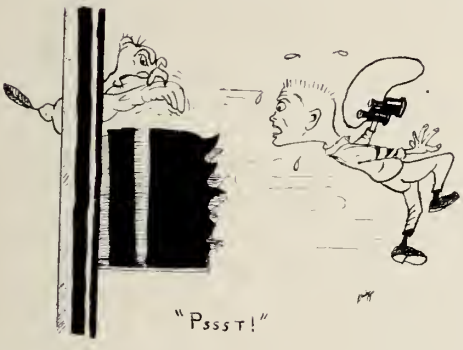
James is an expert fencing-master, whether it be behind the sabre or the wheel. In any case, when as future masters we traverse the Canal, we hope to be guided through by a good friend—Jim Crayne, er Crane.

"Gook"

Honor Guard
Color Court
Drill Team
Century Club
Rifle Club
Ring Dance Committee

"Yum"

Soccer 1,2
Newman Club
Basketball
Muster '63
I-50 Club 1,2,3



JOHN P. MACQUADE
State Street
Sandwich, Massachusetts

"Pssst!" Anyone for a fast game of charades? As a youngie this ol' bird flew in a little behind the season, and three years later he's almost caught up.

Jack's great leadership abilities have not been hidden in the least, but he turned down countless offers for stripes to run for the presidency of the I-50 Club. He lost by a whisker, but settled for secretary.

One of our more boisterous comrades, Yummy's ability on the soccer field was inhibited only by his aim. 'Quade was born under a lucky star, as soon became apparent in our drawings for duty. Somehow he always managed to come up with the right numbers—er, number.

Never one to neglect home or family, Jack took every opportunity to cover the many miles to Sandwich. Of course his 1:50 duties often took precedence over his domestic life.

It was always an adventure to be relieved by Yum Yum in the crow's nest. Being able to fly, you could never hear his approach, and a few taps on the shoulder almost cost us a lookout.

Jack expressed a desire to become a pilot. Many of his classmates volunteered to accompany him on a mission, but decided going to sea promised a longer future. However, Mac is bound to succeed somewhere, perhaps even as a professional soccer player. They say nothing's impossible. You have our best wishes for a long and successful career. GOOD LUCK!

PETER D. AVAKIAN
445 Church Street
Whitinsville, Massachusetts

What to our wondering eyes should appear as we turned 2nd job, but a dark little cloud still hovering on our side of the compartment. Much to our amazement this cloud soon began raining aces from its sleeves.

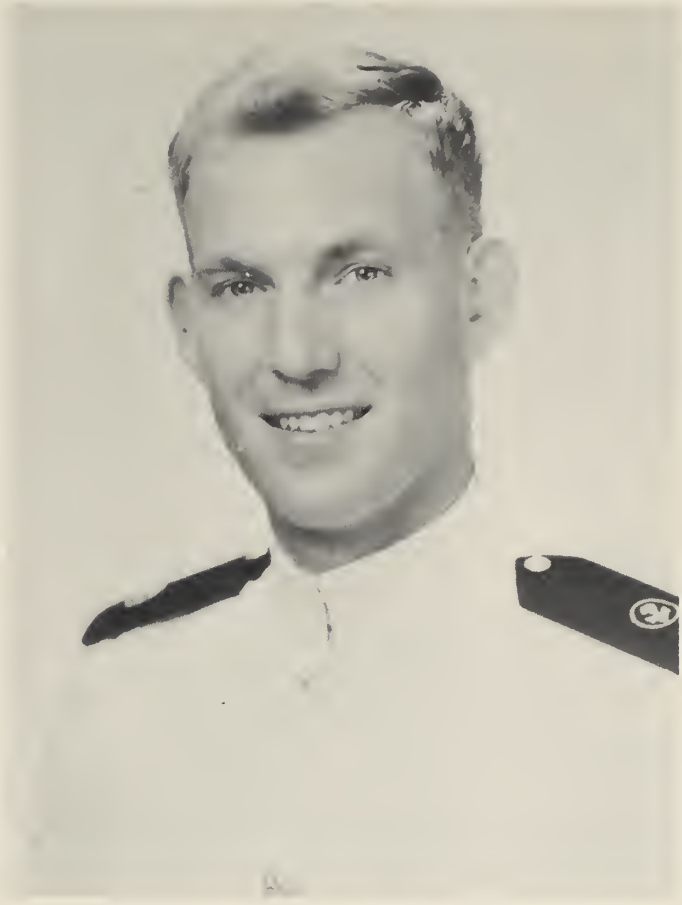
Before we actually got to know this new addition to Draft Dodgers Anonymous, he was gone for a five week vacation. However, Murph soon returned and began fascinating us with his buoyant cheeriness. We soon saw that he wasn't really as bad as he appeared. From his position as "father" of the class, he was constantly prepared to offer sound (but not too optimistic) advice, especially early in the morning. Though Peter doesn't have many good years left to work, his extra time here has made him a good seaman and worker. This is shown by his constantly high cruise marks. Congratulations Murph, they didn't get you this time.

"Murphy"

Football 1,2
Century Club
Night Riders (Ret.)

"Trafalgar"

Baseball 1,2,3,4,5
Phi Re Cappa Tread
President
Propeller Club
S.T.E.O.C.
Gourmet Club



NELSON TALMADGE BRACE
114 Concord Road
Billerica

The beginnings of Nelson's career at M.M.A. go far back into the dim past, long before the rest of us ever got the silly notion of spending three years on the Cape.

It is hard to realize that we too, once tooled for this prodigious old man. But the ol' boy hasn't been the same since receiving a course in ballistics from a late road-runner.

But Nellie kept our minds clean, anyway, for he kept our lockers clear of all decadent literature.

Annually recommended for stripes, Nelson modestly refused all offers, but after much deliberation, decided to accept a CPO rate in the Heavenly Acres.

President, and senior member of Phi Cappa Tread, the Sophocles of the Classes of 1962, 1963, and 1964 is as yet undecided as to his future plans. Shall he wait a couple more years and retire from M.M.A. on a pension, or will he decide to call it quits and graduate. We thinks, dear Nellie, that there be more danger awaiting thy blissful soul out beyond our portals. However, if you decide upon the latter course we wish you and all the little Braces to come the best of luck always.

DIVISION III

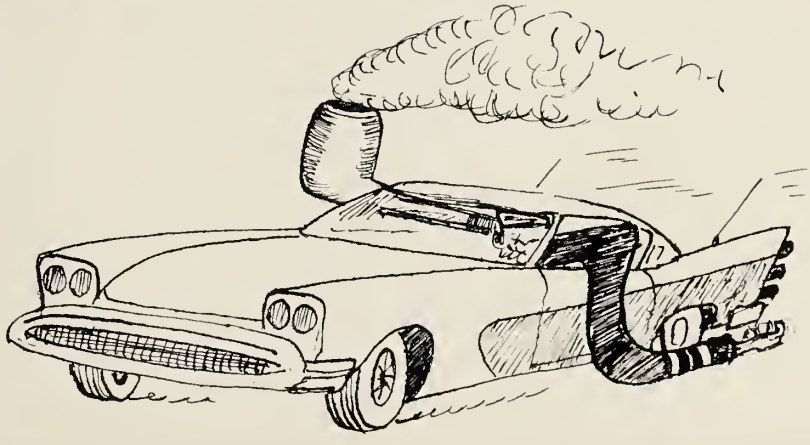
L to R, Front—Cass, Burnnell, McNamara, Moriarty, Trainor, **Not Shown**—Woronka, Fitzpatrick.

Led by a bouncing, jovial, greedy chipmunk, the indomitable forces of Third Division wandered their merry way through Happy Valley. Many exploits of our Two Striper left many a state worker babbling for help in the babbling wake of Mike and his Merry Henchmen.

Our illusions of Rinky-Dink as a mature, capable Cadet Ensign were shattered when his drinking problem was discovered by the Bay State's Carrie Nation and Russ joined the swelling ranks of retired stripers.

Always a scene of industrious, if dubious, activity, we were an example of a division enjoying its work. Without fail, each day would see a content Leprechaun merrily mothering his fire stations with a Coke cup of red paint. A haze of red dust often engulfed the fantail as John tenderly cleansed the decks of corrosion with his 12 lb. hammer. We were also fortunate in having John as he was a retired two striper in Third Div. and full of sound advise. The merry chirpings of Guano could often be heard coming from behind the glittering fittings of the liberty launch. After his display of trustworthiness in Florida, Willie proved his value as a section leader, always willing to bear his burden of responsibility. Neither Willie, Kevin, or Kerry will ever forget Mr. Page's "graduation present" to us. Through a great display of self preservation, Fitzie managed to get his feet on the ground, but only after his ability to work at heights had caused Mr. Page a few bad moments and a trip up the king post.

To Mr. Page, our leader and mentor, we owe many thanks for his sound advice and instruction. He was always willing to share with us the vast knowledge of the sea he had gained through his many years at sea and as a Panama Canal Pilot, a job which is considered the summit of a maritime career. Thanks to Mr. Page, we will go on our first ship a little more wary and much more confident.



"Stinkey"

Cadet Lt. 3rd Div.
Rifle Club
President
Century Club
S.T.E.O.C.
Gourmet Club
Muster Staff

MICHAEL RICHARD McNAMARA
15 Vernon Street
Waltham, Massachusetts

If you ever forget Mike, you can rest assured that your children won't. Though youngie year was marked by a bad loss in the wholesale garment trade, our woodland pal soon bounced right back. As a matter of fact, he kept right on bouncing for two more years at M.M.A.

Although Mike's second job career took an unexpected turn to the forward compartment, he was soon in the clear again and home for the holidays. Soon millions of kiddies were thrilling to the strains of "The Christmas Song" and "Deck the Halls with Holly."

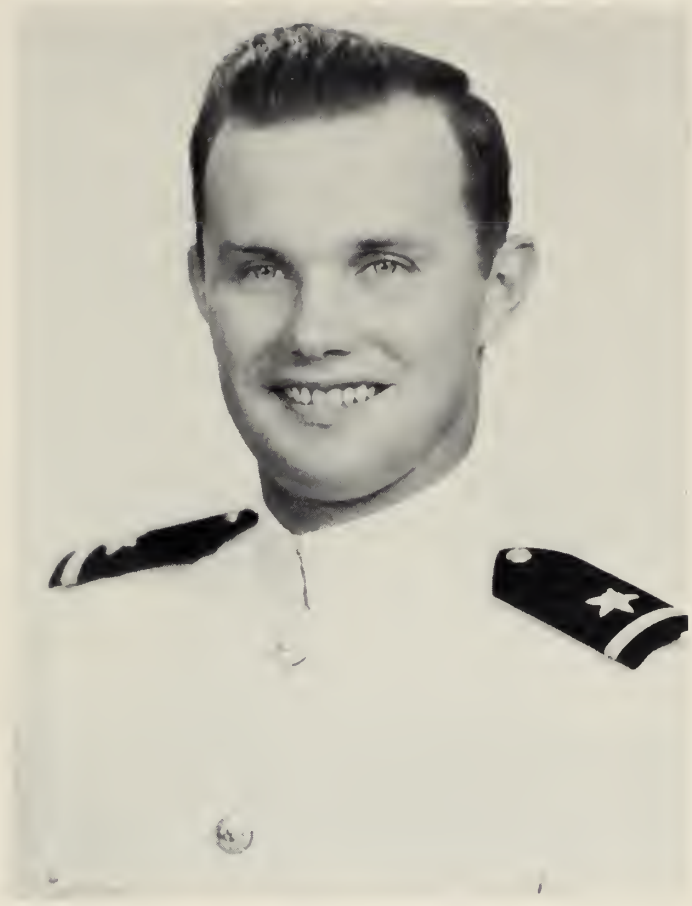
Somehow managing to survive by animal cunning, several battles for duty, Mike clawed his way to fame and position in Happy Valley. With his natural attitude of authority, Cadet Lt. Michael (first in the class) McNamara easily filled the feared shoes of the other Mike from Third Division.

Mike and his mythical five dollar bill will never be forgotten by those of us who frequented Bobby Jobbie's. How can he help but to succeed, for what is life but one big watchbill?

"AWIGHT MEN..
STANDBY TO DRAW DUTY"

"Rinky Dink"

Phi Re Cappa Tread
Circle K
Cadet Ens. 3rd Div.



RUSSELL SLADE TRAINOR
28 Talbot Street
West Newton, Massachusetts

To those of us whose first tour of duty on the **Bay State** was the Crack First, there stood on the forecastle a strong, quiet, solemn fellow with rings of pipe smoke clouding his mature features. Sometime around April we finally realized that this was no Upper Job who like turning to, after all. "Rinky" had a cheerful "good morning" to greet us with at 0615, and happily tucked us in each night.

When stripe-time rolled around the ol' man had been somehow missed. Undaunted, he vowed to try again. Sometime around April we learned again that this was no upper-job—he was one of us! Had we realized this, we would gladly have offered him a berth with the rest of the class; but alas! Poor Russ was forced to spend the whole year across the hatch.

But if at first you don't succeed, try, try, again. And so it was with our Russel. Second time around he was the proud recipient of a gold bar, but the ol' boy didn't let it go to his head. He's still his same shy, modest, quiet, self.

However, with Russ's philosophy and determination he's bound to succeed in his future endeavors.

"Willy-Fun"

WILLIAM F. CASS
4 Rogers Road
Peabody, Massachusetts

Refusing to be bothered by repeating his youngie year, Willy kept his sense of humor right through many battles (and beatings). Every night weird noises could be heard emanating from tread row, illustrating such great classics as "Men & Mud at Munda," etc.

Weirder noises yet were heard as he tuned our new piano with a pack of mudfish.

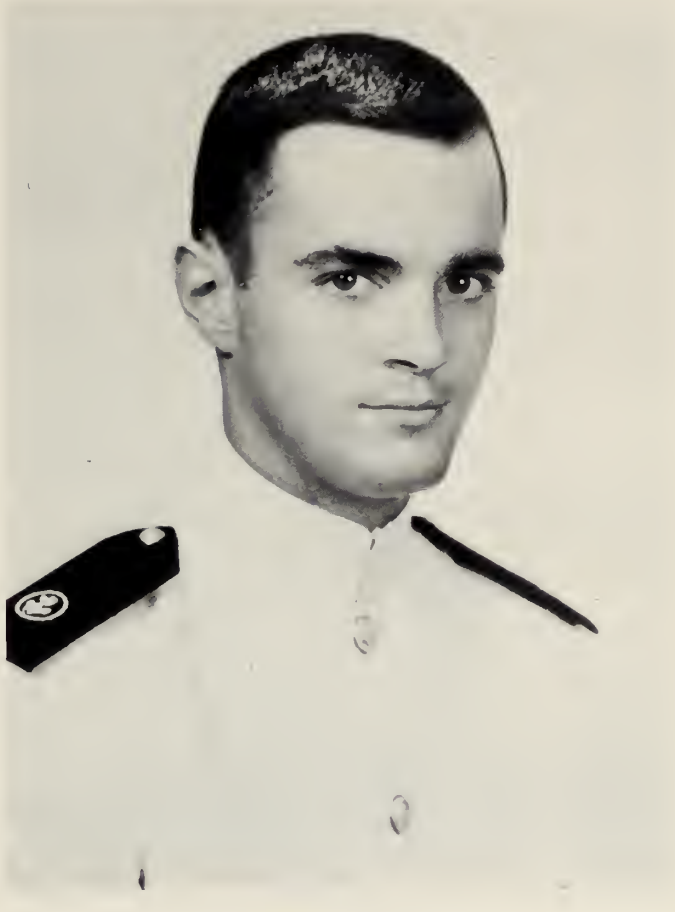
Willy Fun was not fully appreciated however, until he took his famous stand as section leader of the cream of the crop. Those weird noises now came from under the desk.

As a second job, "Willy" was lost for five weeks when half of him took a vacation. However, with the return of Dyma, he was back in all his blank faced glory.

At the end of our second job year, Willy's good nature shone through again when he befriended an itinerant Russian only to find he was still the straight man. How can our boy Bill go wrong as long as there's a fertile brain about?

"Guano"

I-50 Club (Charter Member)
Century Club
Band
Rifle Club
Vice-President
Night Riders (Ret.)



THOMAS J. BRUNELL
98 Housatonic Street
Lee, Massachusetts

A seemingly shy, reserved, handsome young man when we first saw him, Tom was not long in dispelling our first impressions. He was soon flitting about the engine room leaving no valve unturned, no cranny unexplored, and when this version of Alice in a gossamer Wonderland uttered his first sentence our suspicions were confirmed and Tom was baptized as "Guano".

Stumbling off the path of righteouness, Tom was condemned and cast out of his new found garden. After a months stay in the Limbo that exists outside the gate, Tom was forgiven his sins. He came back a reformed man who soberly undertook to conquer his scholastic horizons. Despite one hundred fifty obstacles he has come through battle scarred, but triumphant.

Tom's wonderful ability to trade with the natives has been a topic of some discussion. We've seen foreign ships from which the owners have come forth babbling something about selling $5 worth of Jamaican sea shells and other assorted bangles and beads. We've heard tell of hidden lockers bursting with trinkets that could have bought Manhatten Island at inflationary prices. Oh well, as the old saying goes, once a Guano, always a Guano.

KEVIN T. MORIARTY
79 Leonard Street
North Attle, Massachusetts

Some of us drove, and some of us rode, and some walked to the Gulch that fateful day in August, but only one "trudged wearily". Thus, equipped with a short biography of "Brother Jack", came Mora, the most irrational leprechaun in North Attleboro.

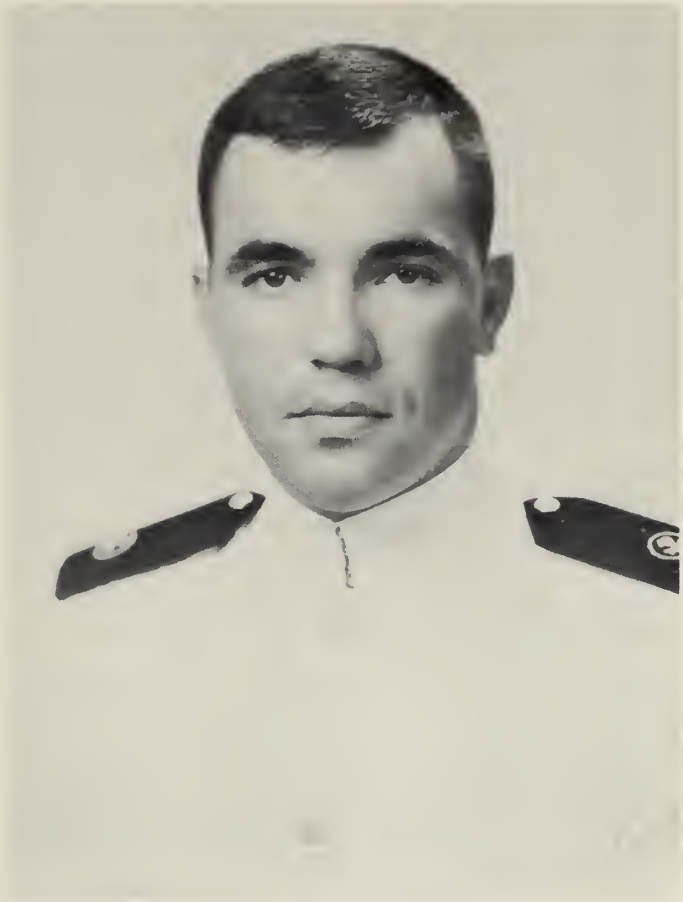
Because of his "little-boy-lost" countenance, Kevin was immediately adopted by the entire Watch One Old Guard. This adoption precipitated the Great War between classmates, which soon ended with a double persecution of our pal and much hand-shaking between the Deckies and the Snipes.

Although his youngie cruise was clouded by the I-50 list, he found time to indulge in his hobby of gardening, and was soon awarded even more time for such pursuits.

Kevin's second cruise was marked by the first overnight mail run in our history. Due to his influence with Wenzy, however, this was overlooked. Although future years may separate him from his N-I jacket, Mora will always have two other friends to help him propel him through life (especially in high winds.)

"Mowa"

Grasshoppers Commune
S.T.E.O.C.
Horticulture Appre. Club
Art Appreciation Club



JOHN MICHAEL WORONKA
232 Lawrence Road
Salem Depot, New Hampshire

"Ronaka"

Baseball
Football
CD. Lt. (Ret.)
Century Club
Phi Re Cappa Tread
Night Riders

In spite of rumors to the contrary, our Russian—oops, sorry—Ukrainian—Canary, is not the product of a subversive cultural exchange between the Russian's and the American's. The Metropolitan Opera's loss has become Mass. Maritime's burden. John has made daily problems seem trite with his volumnous harmonizing and "quiet" dignity.

Always striving for recognition in his own "subtle" way, John obtained cordial relations with the faculty and two stripes in Third Division. But, alas, inbred Cossak wanderlust got the best of John and soon he was roving the seven sea's as an A.B.

Soon, though, he was back, this time as one of our classmates. No grudges were held for our Cadt. Lt. (Ret.) though, for John struck up easy friendships, especially almost brotherlike relationships with Peter and Buddy. Surely, John will be outstanding wherever he may go in the future.

"Jobber"

Art Appreciation Club
Gourment Club 1,2,3
Grasshopper Commune.

JOHN J. JARZOBSKI, JR.
Worcester, Massachusetts

With a cheerful and friendly smile upon his face, Jobber lumbered up the gangway of the Old "Bay State", and he quickly became the friend of all in need. His amiable attitude and his willingness to do for others, was not confined to just his classmates.

The New Bedford Line Handlers Association fell under his charms, and also the sweet, little innocent misses from "P" town succumbed.

In his Second class year, Jobber's close association with Cdr. Conners, proved to be an outstanding asset in his mastering Navigation. In fact, sources have it that he has been assured of becoming the master of a great merchant vessel within the next few years.

Jobber modestly accepted the responsibility of Cadet Lieutenant in First Division and with his Morgan boots and Tat, First rapidly became a middies haven. With an attitude such as Jobber's, we hardly need to wish him the best of luck and smooth sailing.

KENNEDY SLAIN
OPEN
TUESDAY
NIGHT
UNTIL
9 P.M.

SECOND CLASS

ENGINE

L. to R.: Dainis, Manning, Ditullio, Carroll, Caia, Sullivan, Adamson, Walsh, Rudinsky, Coffin, McGlamery, Gibbons, Gell, Russell, Saunders, Ward, Scanlon, Cass, Hathon, Forand, Riley, Prouty, Hathaway.

DECK

L. to R.: Harvey, Chester, Skwyra, Kelleher, Ford, Hutchings, Felos, Froberg, Stroud, Finley.

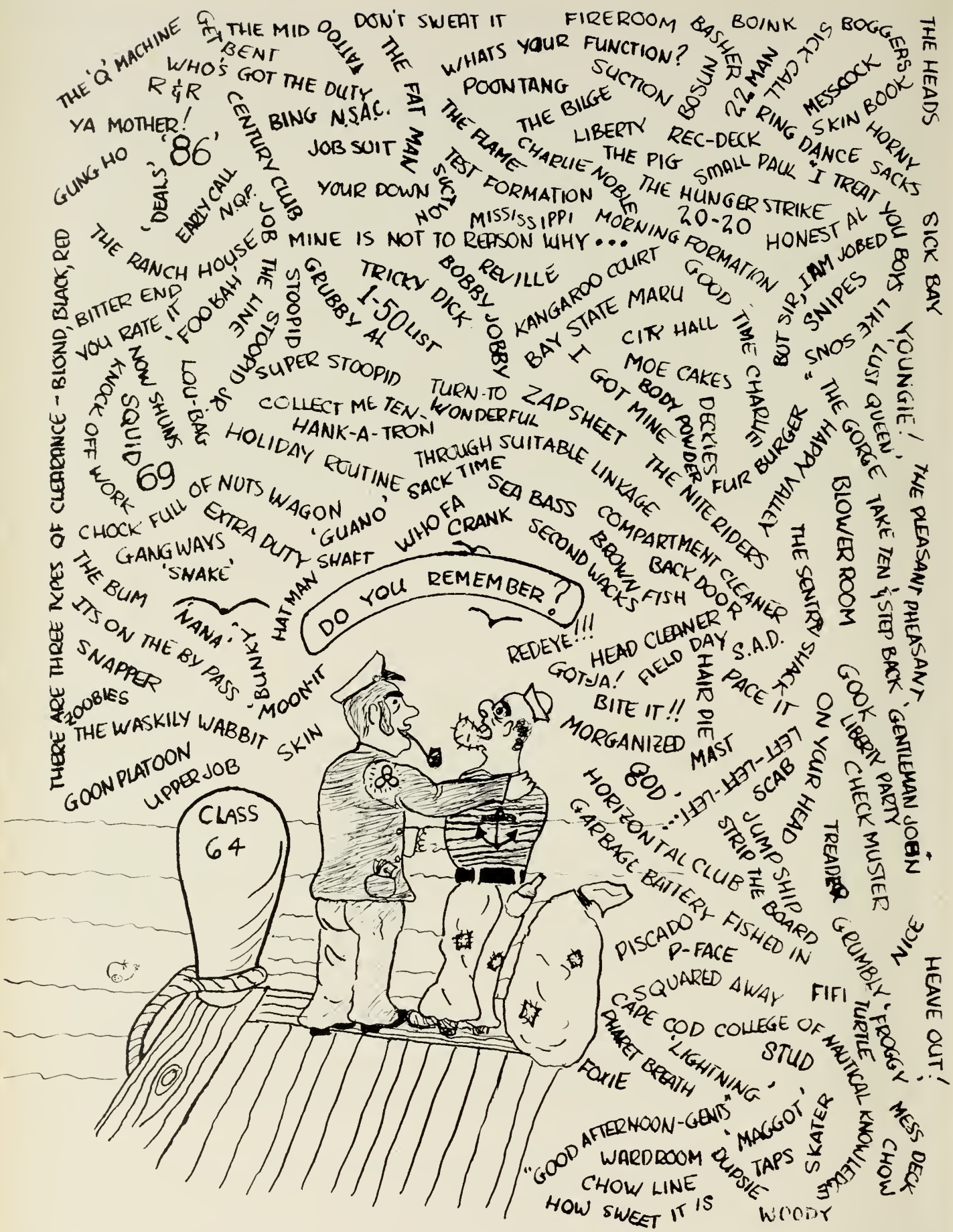
THIRD CLASS

GROUP A

L. to R.: Ciampi, Battell, Thayer, Savery, Coleman, Aldred, Wallace, O'Neil, Broadley, Long, Walker, Hathaway, Kenney, Buckley, McGill, Evans, Fisher, Crowley, Heywood, Ryan, Curran, Ollerhead, Widberg, Green, Barra, McManus, Boussy.

GROUP B

L. to R.: McMurray, Bolcome, Milo, Kuchlewski, Campbell, Izzo, Simmons, Boucher, Guertin, Amesbury, Fraser, Callahan, Silvia, Doherty, McGaughey, Cunniff, Woodill, Brown, T. H., Pillsbury, Goodsell, Fitzgerald, Brown, R. C., Burbine, Maitland, Driscoll, Shimkus, Mercadante, Rogean, Wing, Ward, Broderick.


THE HEADS
SICK BAY
THE PLEASANT PHEASANT
YOUNGIE!
'LUST QUEEN'
TAKE TEN 'STEP BACK
GENTLEMAN JOHN
GOOK
LIBERTY PARTY
CHECK MUSTER
TREADER
GRUMBLY 'FROGGY' TURTLE
JOIN
HEAVE OUT!
MESS DECK CHOW
SKATER
WOODY
TAPS
DUPSIE
WARDROOM
CHOW LINE
HOW SWEET IT IS
"GOOD AFTERNOON-GENTS"
'MAGGOT'
CAPE COD COLLEGE OF NAUTICAL KNOWLEDGE
STUD
'LIGHTNING'
PHARET BREATH
FOXIE
SQUARED AWAY
FIFI
PISCADO
P-FACE
GARBAGE-BATTERY FISHED IN
HORIZONTAL CLUB
JUMP SHIP
STRIP THE BOARD
ON YOUR HEAD
GOD-LEFT-LEFT-LEFT
SCAB
MAST
MORGANIZED
BITE IT!!
GOT-JA!
FIELD DAY
S.A.D.
HEAD CLEANER
REDEYE!!!
DO YOU REMEMBER?
HAIR PIE
PACE IT
THE SENTRY SHACK
BLOWER ROOM
BACK DOOR
BROWN FISH
COMPARTMENT CLEANER
SEA BASS
SECOND WACKS
CRANK
WHO FA
HATMAN
SHAFT
'NANA'
'BUNKY'
'MOON IT'
SKIN
'GUANO'
EXTRA DUTY
GANG WAYS
'SNAKE'
CHOCK FULL OF NUTS WAGON
HOLIDAY ROUTINE
SACK TIME
THROUGH SUITABLE LINKAGE
THE NITE RIDERS
FUR BURGER
HAPPY VALLEY
THE GORGE
BUT SIR, I AM JOBED
SNIPES
"SNOS"
I LIKE IT
MOE CAKES
BODY POWDER
DECKIES
I GOT MINE
CITY HALL
GOOD TIME CHARLIE
BAY STATE MARU
KANGAROO COURT
REVILLE
BOBBY JOBBY
TRICKY DICK
1-50 LIST
GRUBBY AL
STOOPID
SUPER STOOPID
TURN-TO
WONDERFUL
ZAP SHEET
COLLECT ME TEN-
HANK-A-TRON
LOU-BAG
STOOPID JR
THE STOOPID LINE
'FOOBAR'
YOU RATE IT
THE BITTER END
THE RANCH HOUSE
MINE IS NOT TO REASON WHY...
MISSISSIPPI
MORNING FORMATION
20-20
HONEST AL
THE HUNGER STRIKE
SMALL PAUL
"I TREAT YOU BOYS
SUCK
NOT
YOUR DOWN
TEST FORMATION
CHARLIE NOBLE
THE FLAME
LIBERTY
REC-DECK
THE PIG
RING DANCE SACKS
SKIN BOOK
HORNY
MESSCOCK
22 MAN
SICK CALL
BOGGERS
BOSUN
BASHER
BOINK
FIREROOM
WHATS YOUR FUNCTION?
POONTANG
SUCTION
THE BILGE
DON'T SWEAT IT
THE FAT MAN
TATTOO
THE MID
GET BENT
WHO'S GOT THE DUTY
R&R
YA MOTHER!
'DEALS'
'86'
GUNG HO
EARLY CALL
N.Q.P.
JOB
CENTURY CLUB
BING N.S.A.C.
JOB SUIT
THE 'Q' MACHINE
THERE ARE THREE TYPES OF CLEARANCE - BLOND, BLACK, RED
GOON PLATOON
UPPER JOB
ZOOBIES
THE WASKILY WABBIT
SNAPPER
IT'S ON THE BY PASS
THE BUM
KNOCK OFF WORK
NOW SHUNS
SQUID 69
CLASS 64

Numbers One, And Two, And Three

AN ODE

Number One spake forth upon our deck and stared out to the lee:
"There's a mighty, mighty man in me.
For I hold this ship within my grip.
(Though I seldom put to sea.)"

Now a deck below in the dimmed glow
Sat the sagest of the three,
Hatching wicked plots from petty thoughts
In fits of evil glee.

Whilst in the can sat the engine man
Humming, "Diddle-diddle thee—
I wonder which - son-of-a-gun
Can do the most for me."

Down in a hold, dark, dank and cold
Grubbed a lesser light aboard.
Quoth grimly he: "They'll never see
The treasurers in my hoard."

Heels 'pon plates strode ingrate mates
In jolly comaraderie—
"Oh, I'll fix you—fore you fix me
Or I've never, never been to sea."

The stars of night with their Arctic light
Gaze down upon the points
As plaintive boys yearn bygone joys
In raunchy Main Street joints.

In the C.P.O. those in the know
Condemned the commissioned lot:
"Why I never knew a sorrier stew
Than the officers on this rusting pot."

COMEDY OF ERRORS

Once upon a time, in the far off dismal land of the Gulch, there existed a lovely little seaside kingdom. Blessed with green beaches, white silver lawns, and gentle (60 knot) breezes, this land nestled in the region known to poets as "The Arm Pit of the Bogs".

Now, this picturesque community was benevolently ruled by the world's last "Divine" right Monarch. In his case, instead of giving God's Laws to the people, he eliminated the middleman. This process obviously kept everyone contented.

In the midst of all this joy, happiness, purity, etc., was one unexplained flaw. Every year one third of his subjects escaped. Thus was he forced to obtain new "blood" every year, and so our story opens with "Eighty Wise Men" blindly following a star in the heavens which led them to the home of God.

Our first shock came with the discovery that we were not following a star, but an after anchor light. In order to be sure, most of us climbed the flag staff, (three at a time), moaned, and fell back to the grasping, cold little hands of the ecstatic upper-jobs. It actually was Christmas for them. Each of them had received eighty new toys.

After spending a warm night huddled under two blankets, we awoke and greeted the new day with a mixture of curiosity and stark terror. Little did we know that this would be our last full night's sleep for many a moon to come.

That day we were forced to enter a small enclosed area combining the worst features of the Black Hole of Calcutta and a stopped up cesspool. Here we were issued our clothing and other gear. Unfortunately, this gear did not include a gas mask, so several of our classmates were quickly eliminated.

Donning dungarees that were guaranteed to "skrink if they're too big and stretch if they're too small," we plunged into our duties —also several bilges. In a few days the entire upper job class arrived and our professional training began in earnest. In addition to our majors in navigation or engineering, we found our electives included back rubbing, dancing, spit shining, coffee making, collective cigarette research, and silly little games in general.

Probably most prominent among our leaders was a rat faced runt from the Watch I Old Guard. Many hours were spent receiving personal tutoring with "Dick Pal". Our spiritual side was not neglected either and Father Squirrel of the forward tabernacle conducted daily services.

In these hectic first days we learned that we were actually expected to live in that dark airless, dusty little hole. Not much time was given us to think of it though. Between insane little games, rec deck parties, classes and watching lucky ex-classmates leave, we were pretty busy.

Then came the long awaited break—drydock. Most of us survived the trip to East Boston despite valiant efforts to get us seasick. There, for two glorious weeks, we went home every night. For those who lived too far from Boston, daily tours were conducted to the Palace, Scollay Square and other points of cultural interest in Olde Boston Towne.

With our return to Funland came our first encounter with that previously mythical ogre —the 1-50 list. Our liberty was halved and our gloom doubled. These were dismal, forty two hour days complete with frustration, doubt, work; and anything else but liberty.

In this manner, we dragged through to the Second major plateau, Christmas leave period. Amidst joyous caroling, partying and such, we streaked home for the holidays. Some of us took this opportunity to catch up on an almost forgotten activity—thinking. Those of us who made this mistake never returned. Those of us who remained true trooped fatefully back to an endless stack of stores mixed with an unusual amount of preparation sound and fury.

The noise reached a climax at a well remembered series of orgies in the unsuspecting little town of Marion. Next morning, with headaches the uniform of the day, we set sail for the rum drenched Caribbean.

Twas a grand day for the Irish as we steamed into Boston on St. Patrick's day, with a bit o' the green at the fore. Many a middie never left Southie till the nineteenth or twentieth of March. However, war stories and tropical tans can not wait forever, so home went the sailors, home from the sea.

The brevity of leave periods is a sad fact of life, though, and we soon found that the Gulch had survived the winter too well. Once more the powers laid seige to sanity. The fearful mid-term was now obsolete but had been replaced with the more powerful term I-50 list. Even this mind grating torture soon ended and, LO, we were second jobs.

After an all too short summer leave period, we returned with our mission clearly in mind —square away the youngies. These boys however, needed no help; for they had friends up above. Soon were we thankful for God's infinite wisdom in gently punishing our over eagerness. Was there a man among us who could not see the wisdom of removing our smoking and swimming privilege? If so, he never told his parents about it, because he was restricted indefinitely.

Nothing else need be said about the eleven month year. Save a mention of our grand, glorious, brave, brilliant, heroic, historic hunger strike, which, unfortunately, was completely useless.

Thus, after Labor day, we slid into that grey oblivion known as the second job year. Friendships were cemented, professional training begun, and report sheets signed, but it was a year for staying out of sight and remaining quiet. It was a year for anything but sleeping, as we found ourselves buried under our first real study load (part one of the R.T.R. 4 years in 2 plan.)

With finals over we suddenly found a strange new truth. Our best friends and classmates now turned into something previously despised and wishfully spat upon. Better yet—you too were an upper job. The home stretch is not straight though, for it seems the 4 years in two plan has been supplanted by the "Get'em before they go" plan, and that finish wire is probably barbed.

THE TRAINING SHIP

With every major Pacific invasion to her credit, from Kiska to Iwo Jima, and over 100,000 miles in her log, the U.S.S. Doyen, renamed the Bay State, came to us in 1957, after a 12 year stay in the laid up fleet in the Hudson River, to serve as a floating classroom and dormitory during our three years stay here.

The Bay State is a public vessel loaned to the Commonwealth of Massachusetts by the U.S. Maritime Administration and maintained by the Federal Government. The Commonwealth of Massachusetts provides for the operation of the ship. Midshipmen are quartered on board the ship at the present time. The annual training cruise into foreign waters commences early in January after the completion of the first term. The second term commences shortly after the return from the training cruise in early spring. The Bay State is an attack transport type, steam turbine propelled by two 4,000 horse-power engines and of 6,700 tons. Midshipmen are taught the maintenance and operation of the ship under their instructors. The theoretical work done in the classrooms is put into practice both on deck and in the engineering department.

On the training cruise there is much of educational value to be acquired in the ports visited. The study of the people and their language, their mode of living, the import and export of their commerce, the ships in port, the cities and stores, the food, the money usages, the country's products, and the historical places of interest, are all very broadening to the intellect.

"BAY STATE"

62 CRUISE
BUZZARDS BAY
NEW ORLEANS 8
PORT EVERGLADES 9
BERMUDA IS. (Br.)
BAHAMA IS. (Br.)
Gulf of Mexico
Straits of Florida
WEST INDIES
Gulf of St. Lawrence
St. John's
Halifax
Ottawa
Quebec
Portland
Boston
New York
Philadelphia
Baltimore
Washington
Norfolk
Hatteras
Detroit
Buffalo
Cleveland
Pittsburgh
Chicago
Indianapolis
Cincinnati
St. Louis
Memphis
Atlanta
Birmingham
Jacksonville
Havana
Yucatan
MINN.
IOWA
ILL.
IND.
OHIO
KY.
TENN.
MISS.
ALA.
GA.
S.C.
N.C.
VA.
W.VA.
PA.
N.Y.
MASS.
CONN.
R.I.
ARK.
LA.
FLORIDA
Lake Superior
Lake Michigan
Lake Huron
Lake Ontario
Lake Erie
St. Lawrence R.
Mississippi River
Missouri R.
APPALACHIAN MOUNTAINS
CANADA
UNITED STATES
ATLANTIC
0

Caribbean Sea
JAMAICA
(W.I.F.-Br.)
Kingston
Santiago de Cuba
HAITI
DOM. REP.
Port-au-Prince
Ciudad Trujillo
PUERTO RICO (U.S.A.)
GUADELOUPE (Fr.)
MARTINIQUE (Fr.)
BARBADOS (W.I.F.-Br.)
GRENADA
TRINIDAD (W.I.F.-Br.)
Port-of-Spain
CURAÇAO (Neth.)
ARUBA
WINDWARD IS.
Belize
BR. HOND.
GUATEMALA
HONDURAS
Tegucigalpa
EL SALVADOR
San Salvador
NICARAGUA
Managua
CENTRAL AMERICA
COSTA RICA
San Jose
COLON, C. Z.
PANAMA
COCOS I. (Costa Rica)
Buenaventura
Medellin
Bogota
Magdalena
Maracaibo
L. Maracaibo
Barquisimeto
Caracas
Barcelona
Ciudad Bolivar
Orinoco R.
VENEZUELA
BR. GUIANA
SURINAM (Neth.)
Georgetown
Paramaribo
Cayenne
COLOMBIA
GUIANA HIGHLANDS
Rio Negro
Rio Japura
Quito
ECUADOR
Guayaquil
Gulf of Guayaquil
Iquitos
Pt. Aguja
Trujillo
BRAZILIAN HIGHLANDS
60
90

1962 CRUISE OF THE BAY STATE MARU

"Let go the bow line, let go t he stern line!" So went the commands as the Bay State once again careened off the pier in Buzzards Bay to blunder forth on our first training cruise.

Our heads, filled with visions of "tropical paradises," and our minds filled with more enthusiasm than good sense, we embarked for some much needed "rest and relaxtipn," only to be paralleled by "Les Miserables," aboard the "Bay State Maru."

Soon the call of the upper-jobs once again rang through the ship; "Young Man, hey you, Squid, get me a smoke, rub my back, you got the Mid!" In a few short hours we were involved in the most thorough and unusual indoctrination of our lives. Who can forget those first days at sea, with its ups, its downs, its humourous moments, and its sad moments; all of these mixed together with a touch of homesickness and in most cases an even greater amount of seasickness. Tales of seasickness echoed through the passageways and compartments that first night at sea, borne mostly by the upper classmen in hopes of creating a little humor here and there. Woe be tied the poor unfortunate who admitted that the ship's gyrations were of no bother to him, for there was always an upper-job who was willing to aid in overcoming this mental block by providing him with such delicacies as a sardine sandwich or one of Judd's famous "blue plate specials" so that he could join the ranks of classmates who were bowing humbly before the Mississippi.

Was it turbines or young reciprocating engines that powered the ship southward those first few days at sea, which were filled with chipping decks, soogeeing bulkheads, mess-cooking, deck plates and of course the never ceasing task of keeping Dick, Nutsy, Gluck, Avid and the rest of those S#%S!'s happy.

When **St. Thomas** was sighted, all aboard breathed a sigh of relief; but hopes were soon shattered when we wandered ashore to find a tropical jungle that only a fat wallet could tame. Upon first going ashore, many of the midshipmen ventured on "fishing" trips only to find that many of the natives had been previously exposed to the ways of the middies due to earlier visits of the Academy to the island. This we found to be true in many of the ports that the middies had been to previously.

Our three days in **St. Thomas** were to be spent wandering around enjoying the beautiful and varied sights, as we toured the island in search of coconuts and other items for the pleasure of our upper-jobs.

It wasn't long before we were under way again reciting the "Young Man's Function," "The Famine," and looking for our mythical classmate; W. T. Door and the elusive albino cockroach. During these first few weeks at sea we found that one's only friend was his classmate; consequently, during those early days the class became as united as it would ever be. Armed with dozens of Uncle Al's eggs, that were being hatched out of number two hold, lockers, and other cozy spots, loaves of bread, frying pans, Crisco, hot plate and very little sleep, each took his turn in the famed midnight mess cook corps to turn out various delicacies that would rival those of Joe and Nemo.

One jar of Tang, six packs of cigarettes, and two mids later we arrived at the "Pearl of the Caribbean," **Bridgetown Barbados** where we were greeted by the local color. It seemed that all of South Africa was there to greet us. After an extensive list of places not to visit was published, we left on liberty to see for ourselves if these places were as bad as they were reputed to be, (and they were!). Who will forget the "Jungle" with Harry's Nightery, the New Yorker, and many of the other places where the "old ruins" could be seen for a few BWI. It was here that the Bum made the first of many well remembered calls: "Knock off work, stow gear, first call to liberty formation."

Many will remember their tours through **Bridgetown** with its definite British atmosphere and colorful old buildings.

On 22 January at 0815 we put out to sea again "with regret." Barbados was a beautiful island; its people among the "friendliest" in the world. This British isle was in sharp contrast to Americanized **St. Thomas.**

Again the cry of "Young Maggot" struck terror into the hearts of all of us, and particularly to those of any unfortunates sufficiently exposed to be forced to answer this "call to duty." Many a long night was spent hiding on the forecastle plotting revenge on these seemingly heartless individuals. Those of us who were deckies during the long nights at sea can well remember those nights, in Happy Valley" sleeping on number five hatch, standing lifebuoy watches, and being rudely awakened to the call from the telephone at secondary con., "Where the Hell are we."

As our supply of suntan lotion and Campbell's soup depleted, the day of our arrival at **Aruba** dawned brightly. "Hey is that a sandbar over there with a Divi-Divi tree on it?" "No, that's **Aruba**!" A small island, covered with a rough terrain of rocks, coral, cactus, a small jungle, and Divi-Divi trees, **Aruba** lies just North of Venezuela and refines Venezuelian crude oil. The Dutch Marines were host to the middies on a tour finishing with a picnic. The middies will never forget the blast thrown by the Largo Oil Co., with the tour of the water distillation plant, an ancient abandoned gold mine, the famous Caribbean Casino, and the Aruba Caribe Hotel all to be climaxed with a picnic and dance. Who ever thought that so few people could consume so much beer, but then, middies aren't exactly people.

At all our ports of call the Bay State managed to leave behind some remembrance of our visit. We are sure the people of Aruba will remember us by the portion of crushed pier that extends out into the harbor. We also shall remember the people of Aruba for their sincere hospitality and warm friendship.

With the help of a tug we freed ourselves of that pleasant little sandbar and pointed the ship toward **St. Lucia.**

As is ever the case, good things do not last. On our return to sea, fathometers, range finders, helm watches, deck plate brushes, and bilges became a part of our daily routine again. We were alerted for abandon ship drills, fire drills, collision drills, "lower number 2 drills," and to be sure we were back on "The Course" again. Sack drills were also held, but only the first classmen participated in these. Our vocabulary grew by leaps and bounds with such additions as scuttlebutts, gook, sea bat, and other unmentionables.

Our next few days at sea were spent in great expectations of reaching our next port of call, **St. Lucia.** As we approached St. Lucia many of us recalled what our Professor of Spanish, Anthropology and most everything else, Mr. Yard, had told us he had seen during his last visit while aboard the Prince of Wales. According to him, it was a heavily inhabited island and also an excellent place to buy souvenirs.

Later, word was passed that the dock space on the island was filled, and we would have to anchor out. The liberty party waded ashore with the liberty launch in tow and found that the above mentioned dock space consisted of a few bolsa logs with a Peace Corps Canoe tied alongside. It was true that the island was heavily inhabited, but only a few were people, the majority were a manner of life that could not easily be determined. It was in St. Lucia that our liberty launch displayed its usefulness by battering in the foot of the gangway. At the end of liberty that first day, midshipmen could be seen returning to the ship in all types of non-descript craft due to the absence of organized transportation from the ship. The souvenir hunters certainly obtained some interesting conversation pieces, consisting mostly of shrunken dinosaur heads and fermented platypus eggs. Four days later the Bay State weighed anchor and once again proceeded out to sea amid the same surroundings that prevailed at the time of her arrival; bum boats, traders, and non-descript natives willing to trade anything for a few cigarettes, items of clothing or a little food.

Inspite of their destitute nature and apparent need of nourishment, any bits of food given to them from the Bay State were quickly discarded with an air of disgust. As a matter of fact, it was rumored that at times the natives were seen bringing food aboard to us.

We feel the natives of **St. Lucia** will long remember us, for we believe that we were the first white people to visit the island since that world famous explorer, Bozales Mopo many years before.

Out to sea again, the following Wednesday found an exceptionally good turn-out at Captains Mast as "Tricky Dick" was seen to be smiling gleefully at the many well-wishers that came before him. It seemed that back in St. Lucia some of the upperjobs had overstayed their liberty because they didn't feel like swimming back to the ship.

During the passage from **St. Lucia** to **Cristobal**, the skies were clear and the weather was beautiful, so they say, as our time spent on deck was at a premium, the majority of it being spent collecting the "Bennies" of number 2 hold from 100 watt light bulbs and trying to make up for some of the sleep lost trying to increase our deck and engineering skills, plus the bettering of our culinary capabilities.

The second day out, the third class aired bedding. To many of us this seemed like a useless task since so little time was spent using it.

The next day the Bay State, steaming at full speed, was overtaken by the S. S. United States. Someone reported that an officer could be seen at the Peloris taking a positive fix on us, as they believed us to be anchored. Onward we rolled past the coast of South America until finally after five days at sea, we arrived at **Cristobal.**

As we approached **Cristobal** it became apparent that this was not a tiny island in the sun, for here were the crossroads of world trade with the Panama Canal linking the oceans, Atlantic and Pacific. The dock area bordered the main street of **Cristobal,** and ships of all types and from all corners of the world were there. Onward we steamed past the docks of the luxury liners, past the merchant ships, past the fishing and bum boats, and even past the vacant docks until we entered a moss covered lagoon and tied up amongst the eel grass at a long abandoned fuel dock. This presented a problem for many of us because we had to break out the machetes we had recently purchased at St. Lucia in order to clear a path to town over the, as yet unpaved, Pan-Can highway.

One important lesson which we had learned in the previous ports was never to pay the quoted price. "Cut it in half and start from there"; and with this thought in mind, we went ashore to bargain with the local natives. We were soon to find that they were thoroughly exposed to the feeble attempts of the would-be bargainers from the U. S., and we generally ended up paying double the amount. The adaptable middies found a way to cope with this problem, and they were able to fill their AWOL bags with goods they "picked up for practically nothing."

The **Panama Canal** and the monkey's face were sights which will be long remembered. It was in Panama City that Senor Yard followed Midshipman McGravey into one of the old ruins. The Midshipman had the occasion to widen their cultural background as they were able to attend many varied exhibitions held nightly at the more exclusive spots throughout the city.

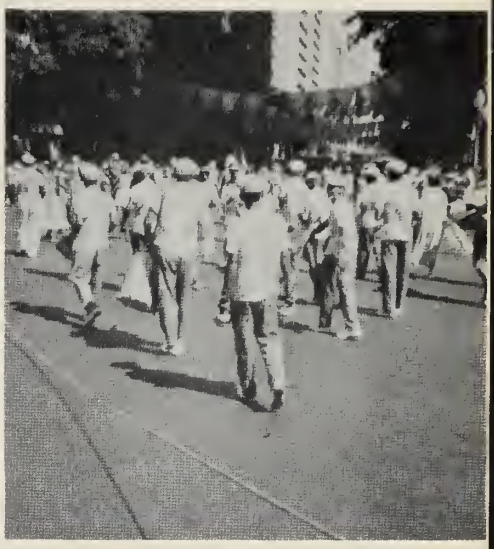
After four days of hectic bargaining, along with some "maintenance and cure and the charging of our batteries," we cast off and headed seaward again to our last foreign port of call, **Kingston, Jamaica.**

Back to sea, things had not changed much. It was still the same old routine of tooling for the upper-jobs and playing it cozy whenever possible.

Our second night out we had another one of those Class D extravaganzas by that ill famed producer, Cecil B. DeHemmerly. No sound equipment was necessary because most of our films were of the silent type. Although these pictures were of an early vintage, we all appreciated Mr. Hemmerly's attempt to entertain us with his movies and good humor. Our theater was one of the most plush in the vicinity with full reclining blankets and automatic air and rain conditioning. The one thing that always remained in our favor was that we always managed to get seats in the orchestra while the peons were exiled to the balcony.

After four more days before the mast, we arose early on the morning of Friday the 16th of February to see our next port, **Kingston, Jamaica.** As we sailed around the point, we passed over the ruins of old Port Royal, which was Henry Morgan's capital and was sunk by an earthquake in the late 17th century. We slowed our engines in order to pick up the pilot, and armed with bone in nose and spear in hand he swung aboard. Our entrance into Kingston Harbor was one of the speediest of the ship's history, and the natives on the dock could be seen running in all directions away from the ship as we tried to dock the Bay State in the heart of the city. Bells rang, the anchors were dropped, and the pilot swung gracefully from the halyards as the ship burrowed in alongside the dock. After this hair-raising experience, the routine again returned to normal as we prepared to debark and explore this calypso paradise. Many of the more enterprising natives could be seen on the dock passing out cards and giving sound advice as to the places where various things could be seen and had. Some of the midshipmen answered the call of "Hey man, you want taxi?", and made trips across the island to Montego Bay, while others waited anxiously on the Mess Deck in anticipation of the posting of the "Off Limits" list.

Kingston, with its many large buildings and busy streets, was quite a contrast to the previously visited islands. Its large crowds of shoppers, heavy traffic, and lead footed taxi drivers presented a definite threat to the fully loaded midshipmen returning from liberty. It seemed that the taxi cabs had two speeds, stop and go like hell.



Leaving the well tanned "ladies" of Jamaica on the horizon, each new day at sea took on a new meaning as we anticipated our arrival in the good old U.S.A. and not having any more "gook ports" to look forward to. The Mids., the deck plates and even the upper jobs din't seem so bad as the day approached of Mardi Gras in **New Orleans**. Now much of our time was spent shining shoes, even our own sometimes, as to be prepared to help celebrate the festival prior to the beginning of Lent. Onward we sailed until at last one day the water turned from a beautiful blue to a dirty brown, and we all knew we had entered the Mississippi River delta. Soon everyone was on deck as we could see ahead of us the jetties extending out from the mouth of the river and many ships anchored there, waiting to pick up a pilot. Soon after that we dropped anchor until the fog lifted, and our pilot came aboard so that we could start our journey in the wake of Mark Twain up the Muddy Mississippi. The weather changed drastically, and soon the temperature dropped to the 40's. Rain and sleet failed to dampen our spirits as all aboard anxiously anticipated our first liberty back home in the good old U.S.A. Our trip to **New Orleans** passed without incident, save for the usual round of brightening up the ship for our entry into port. As we went up the Mississippi, we congratulated ourselves on the spruce appearance of the vessel as the fruits of our labors during the past two months had begun to show. Tying up at the Talouise Street Wharf was a chore for even then we could feel the carnival fever of the Mardi Gras drawing us into the city, **New Orleans** being larger than **Boston**, with its many tall buildings and notorious spots provided an ideal port of re-entry for us.

New Orleans and Mardi Gras marked the high point of the cruise, and it was with much anxiety that we all awaited liberty formation. Swept up by happy crowds, adopted by fiesta spirit, we gave ourselves to the God of Revelry. Our blood had become very thin in the many weeks in the Caribbean, and it was considered advisable to add the proper amount of anti freeze to our systems to thwart the freezing temperatures. One such service station offering this solution was Pat O'Briens near Bourbon St. This establishment was soon converged upon by many of our number. The accommodations of this establishment were obviously too small for our horde, moving one of the aggressive members of the Corps to try in vain to remove the rear wall in order to increase the capacity. Others in our number became so engrossed in the colorful parades with their decorated floats that they decided to take a more active part in the proceedings. As the Mardi Gras wore on, more and more middies could be seen riding on the floats distributing trinkets, not in the form of rings, bracelets, and the like, but church keys, job hats, bananas, and any other objects which could be used in retaliation to the barrage of garbage and dead soldiers being cast by the crowds.

The festivities of the Mardi Gras reached fever pitch, and then came to an abrupt hault. As the quiet slumber of Lent spread across the city of **New Orleans,** it was time for us to bid farewell to this wonderful city on the delta.

As we backed away from our dock at the foot of Talouise St. to the tune of Anchors Away, or was it Hit the Road Jack as played by the river boat Delta Queen which had been tied astern of us, we looked back with few regrets to our visit in New Orleans. Down the river we coasted and out across the Gulf of Mexico to our last port of call, Ft. Lauderdale, Florida. As we sailed across the Gulf the sun once again shone on the Bay State as the temperatures began to climb and the middies did their best to muster up the last of the bennies. A typical log entry for this leg of the cruise would be: Few scattered clouds, light airs, sea calm, long low swells, visibility excellent, air temperature 82 80, water temperature 82. It was little wonder that during the evening many of the middies gathered up on the foc'sle around a guitar to sing a few of our favorite sea chanties, ah yes . . . "I wish little girls were like . . . " During the voyage, the water turned to a beautiful light green, and at times the bottom could be seen forty feet below. As we passed through the Florida Keys and started up atthrough the Florida Keys and started up the coast, the sea traffic increased and even a few Navy ships passed close by for a closer look at the pride of the Massachusetts Navy.

As the morning of 10 March dawned brightly, the Bay State entered **Port Everglades, Florida,** our home while in **Ft. Lauderdale.** As we backed down engines to halt the ship, a loud blaring sound was heard throughout the ship as reports ran rampart that a bearing had wiped and the turbine blades were rubbing against the casing. But further investigation located the sound in the forward section of the ship, and it was found that the noise was only the MMA symphony entering into the battle of the bands with the boys from The State of Maine, only to have their attempts thwarted when an ominous cloud of soot and boiler scale descended upon them due to the ill-timed efforts of our engineers to blow tubes.

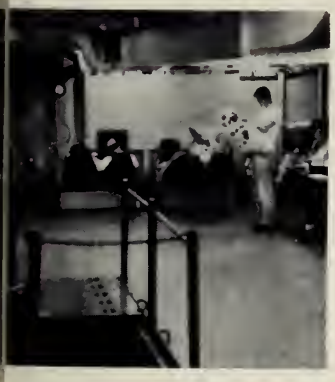
After we had secured and the ship was cleaned most thoroughly from stem to stern, liberty was finally granted. The Bay State and the State of Maine provided open gangways to one another and many old acquaintances were renewed as the middies met and exchanged "war" stories.

Ft. Lauderdale provided us with an opportunity to compare our lot with that of Maine Maritime. Although the Bay State Maru is considered a mongrel among conventional ships, it presented the appearance of a shining new penny when compared to the rusting hull of the "State of Maine," tied up astern of us. Because Maine had made the initial landing here and therefore was familiar with the cultural spots, their advice as to what to see and where to go eliminated much of the usual trial and error for us. Lenny's and the Elbow Room provided the last opportunity for us to drain our systems of energy and fill them with brewers gold. After four days basking on the beaches and exploring **Ft. Lauderdale,** the last of our capital having been exhausted and the last 86 sent to the home front, we cast off from our last port of call on the 1962 cruise.

As we headed North once again, it was time to scrape the mold off our undress blues, which had been carefully stored in our lockers along with loaves of bread, dozens of eggs, frying pans, brown skivies, and colonies of cockroaches.

As we headed North, the sea became rough again and the thoughts of sea sickness were once again prevalent. But our stomachs had long since become immuned to any reactions owing to the daily onslaught of those culinary abortions served to us by the cooks. Some of the long-to-be-remembered specialities were swab s t e w a n d roast rectom of beef with tomain gravey. Through the efforts of our supply officer in Florida, we were able to purchase a shipment of frozen gulls to be used in the preparation of our new delicacy freekin chickazee. Food was of little interest to us now for in a few days we would be home. Up the coast we rolled, and on the fourth day we sailed around the tip of Provincetown and into **Boston Harbor.** Through the efforts of our snipe department, we had arrived ahead of schedule and anchored in the harbor for the night. The next morning all hands were on deck as the ship slipped into Commonwealth pier to be greeted by a large crowd of families and friends who had anxiously awaited our return. After 9000 miles and 9 ports of call, we were home!

Now that it is over and we look back at some of the more trying days of the cruise, we realize that the many hours spent on deck and in the engine room had instilled in us a sense of maturity and a feeling of responsibility which we will carry with us throughout our lives.



63 CRUISE
BUZZARDS BAY
JACKSONVILLE 1
SAN JUAN 2
TRINIDAD 6
ATLANTIC
OCEAN
Caribbean Sea
WEST INDIES
CUBA
JAMAICA
HISPANIOLA
PUERTO RICO
CURAÇAO
TROPIC OF CANCER
BAHAMA IS.
Straits of Florida
LEEWARD IS.
WINDWARD IS.
AMERICA

COLOMBIA
ECUADOR
BOLIVIA
BRAZIL
BRAZILIAN HIGHLANDS
SURINAM (North)
GUIANA HIGHLANDS
Orinoco R.
Rio Negro
Rio Madeira
Rio Tapajós
Rio Xingu
Rio São Francisco
Manaus
Amazon River
Iquitos
Arica
Callao
Guayaquil
Gulf of Guayaquil
Pt. Aguja
Trujillo
Cuiaba
Belém
Recife
Salvador
Rio de Janeiro
São Paulo
Curitiba
Montevideo
Buenos Aires
Asunción
GRAN CHACO
PARAGUAY
URUGUAY
PARANA
Rio de la Plata
FERNANDO DE NORONHA (Brazil)
BAHIA 3
RIO de JANEIRO 5
MONTEVIDEO 4
60
30

1963 CRUISE

The morning of January 7, 1963 dawned bright and clear, but the clouds were congregating in the western sky as if in anticipation of the Bay State's departure into the cold North Atlantic. The ship was tied in the canal, as an endless stream of white cakes of ice were borne swiftly past by the current. By 11 o'clock a large crowd of relatives and well-wishers had gathered to bid the midshipmen farewell on this, our second cruise.

At 1300, with all our fingers crossed, the BAY STATE was underway. Fifteen minutes after leaving the pier we were fogbound. For the next three days the ship pitched, and the third class heaved as memories of the previous cruise returned vividly. Seasickness

L. to R.: Downing, Flannery, Brunstrom, Quintero, Cunningham.

is not in the mind, as the new squids will gladly testify. It is most often found in the stomach.

On Friday, the 11th, we entered the Saint Johns River and proceeded to the city of **Jacksonville, Florida**, where we entered dry dock. Holes were sliced through bulkheads from No. 2 lower 'tween to the sick-bay area, through the next bulkhead, and through the ladderway leading down to the forward engine room. The old main condenser head was removed, and the new one, which had been lashed on the foc'sle was installed.

While the ship was under-going repairs at the yard, midshipmen set out to explore the city. We owe many thanks to the United Service Organization of Jacksonville which did much to make our stay here memorable. They sponsored a "Welcome Bay State" dance, and a tour to Marineland and **St. Augustine.** They are probably still pondering as to just what branch of the Navy we were.

Ten days is too long in any port, so we were glad to be at sea again when we finally sailed on the 21st. Four days later the BAY STATE passed under the ancient fortress of **El Morro** which once guarded the Bay of **San Juan, Puerto Rico.**

Not soon shall we forget this port, and it may be quite a while before the BAY STATE dares show her yellow and black stacks in Puerto Rican waters again. It seems that the Massachusetts' Navy turned the local jug into an MMA barracks. There was that artist who set up shop atop a ladder in front of a certain tavern. He didn't stay there long.

One midnight we were boarded by M.P.'s who thought they were going to remove an upper-job for a slight miscalculation while driving. But "Injun Joe" stood up for his braves and repelled the boarders. Not to be outdone, the enemy returned two hours later with reinforcements. They captured not only the middy, but the gallant "Bum" as well.

Those of us who did not accept **San Juan's** public hospitality went swimming at the beautiful beaches, climbed El Junque with its magnificent rain forest and mountain pool, or visited the fortress.

We left **San Juan** with only a short delay, reasonable fines, and sentences suspended, and all hands including the Commander on board.

February 2, was the day before the ship would cross the **Equator.**

That evening we had a strange visitor—none other than Davy Jones himself. His habit consisted of a tri-cornered hat, and hair that reached to his heels. On his feet were frogman's flippers, and in one hand he held a spear-gun, in the other a scroll. But through it all there remained a strange resemblance to our ships carpenter "Chips."

After Davy made a good act of Contrition and Captain Rounds greeted him aboard, Davy began to read the charges from his scroll. Each of us "pollywogs" would be brought before the Court of King Neptune tomorrow in Latitude 000 degrees.

The next day all pollywogs were ordered to muster aft, and the loyal shellbacks of Neptune began the attack. The pollywogs made a good showing, but defeat was inevitable. In short order we were all converted to shellbacks, with a few bruises and a swim in the BAY STATE's luxurious pool to show for our troubles. The pool was left up for most of the cruise and became one of the "passenger's" favorite attractions.

Making port at **Bahia, Brazil,** on Feb. 9, the uniform of the day became bermudas. "I say, old boy, but it's a bit stiffling, you know!"

Midshipmen were taken on a bus tour of the city. Many of us spent the afternoon on beautiful white beaches shaded by coconut trees, while the more studious went out to study anatomy.

Almost every night while we were there there was a dance at the British Club. However, the middies greatly outnumbered the girls, so many of us joined another dance that was going on at the scisors club. It seems that they were having try-outs for the Lenten Carnival season, and one night we were attracted by the rhythm of a loud drumming which sounded like a number of tom-toms. Investigating further we discovered a wild dance going on in a huge amphitheater. Small makeshift "bands" of percussion instruments were parading about, dragging with them a group of wildly moving human beings. The street was jammed with people—and middies, of course—wildly hopping about like so many lunatics. Oh well, we did our share of promoting international relations. "Americano, si, si!"

Four days were spent in Bahia, and then we sailed for **Montevideo, Uruguay.**

We tied up at the pier in the River Plate among the ships of the Uruguayan Navy which included many retired World War II rust buckets from the U. S. They only had one torpedo between them, but they made up for that by having the largest proportion of Admirals in the world. This harbor was a living museum of old ships, including a good number of coalburners.

Most of our spending money went ashore in this port, as we invaded the Montevideo leather factories. Many of us started back to the ship wearing native cow hide jackets but we carried away untold numbers of boots, coats, jackets, wraps, and purses and anything else that could be slipped into our AWOL bags.

We had reached our farthest Latitude South and we now set our course North for Rio, and the carnival.

In Rio the BAY STATE tied up among other liners almost as famous—the FRANCE, ARGENTINA, BRAZIL and MONITOR. We had an entire week here and arrived on the third day of "Carnival".

day after day of dancing in the street, pick pockets, middies costumes riding on floats and wild times.

After Ash Wednesday the city suddenly dies, and we were almost at a loss for excitement. One of the most popular attractions was the surf at the **Copacabana.** The beach offered more than just sand and water to look at and it provided an excellent field trip for our biology students. Many of us took the cablecar ride to the top of the Sugar-Loaf, overlooking the city and the harbor.

People, people, and people. The city was one swarming, seething, mass of humanity, all bobbing up and down to the beat of the samba. The rhythm rang hypnotically in our ears—there was no escape. A few hours ashore and the midshipmen were as restless as the natives. Soon they too bobbed up and down. Liberty expired at 0200, and we had expired long before then. Don't anyone dare mention 0800 maintenance formation! It was

It was in Rio that one of our noted classmates decided to end his sea-going career. The Captain ordered the brig cleared and made ready for occupancy! Shiver me timbers, but we are getting salty!

A few of us visited the **Rio de Janerio Maritime Academy**—there really wasn't much to drool about. That place made MMA look good.

On Saturday, 2 March, visiting hours were shattered by the sound of the "Man the Boats" alarm with the words "Fire! Fire! Fire in the garbage skow!" as piped by the pleasant, phesasant. The fire was half out before the alarm rang as the Bay State fire dept. handled the fire ably.

On the 4th of March we departed Rio on a ten day run to the Naval station at **Trinidad, B.W.I.,** minus one midshipman. One of our ports, Savannah, was cancelled thus making Trinidad our last stop before home.

One look at **Port-of-Spain** was enough. We spent most of our time on this island in the E.M.C. It seems those fellows who dethroned the painter in San Juan decided they'd take part in morning colors at the base and save the Marines the trouble of raising the flag the next morning. Somebody came aboard minus a pair of scivvies that night. We've yet to see a Gyrene with a sense of humor, so shortly after 0800 the next morning, there were some red faces around the ship, especially one which was redder than it usually was.

We had worn out our welcome in Trinidad and were anxious to be under way, but leaks in our kettle doomed us to spend a little more time on the jewel on the Caribbean. After two extra days of hard work on the part of Fred, Willie, Mario, the Groid and some help for Chiefy, on Monday, 18 March, much to the relief of us all, BAY STATE finally got to sea. Now began a race against time, an exciting climax to the cruise. The question was would we make **New Bedford** by next weekend?

Two days out of **Trinidad** it was announced that the ship would go directly to Buzzards Bay which was a relief to all because no one was looking forward to still another gook port. The Engineers poured on the steam. "But we can't be doing 16 knots, the speedometer only reads 14!" The North Atlantic greeted us with rough seas. We were taking spray over the bow. Saturday we were off Long Island.

Sunday morning dawned bright and clear, and on the western horizon rose the beautiful dunes of **Cape Cod.**

That same afternoon we entered the Canal. Both banks were lined with people greeting the ship on her return. Not since the Hunger-Strike were there so many cars on Taylor's Point. The quarantine officials held up the gangway awhile, but finally Quebec came down. The voyage was over.

64 CRUISE
CANADA
NORTHWEST TERRITORIES
Hudson Bay
MANITOBA
ONTARIO
QUEBEC
Hudson Strait
Gulf of St. Lawrence R.
NEWFOUNDLAND
UNITED STATES
AMERICA
MONTANA
N. DAK.
S. DAK.
MINN.
WIS.
MICH.
WYOMING
NEBR.
IOWA
Platte R.
Missouri R.
Mississippi R.
COLO.
KANSAS
Arkansas
MO.
KY.
ILL.
IND.
OHIO
W. VA.
PA.
N.Y.
VT.
N.H.
MASS.
Ottawa
Detroit
Chicago
Cleveland
Pittsburgh
Buffalo
Boston
Portland
New York
Philadelphia
Baltimore
Washington
Norfolk
Hatteras
N.C.
S.C.
GA.
FLORIDA
TENN.
ARK.
OKLA.
TEXAS
LA.
MISS.
ALA.
Houston
Dallas
Rio Grande
Anton
ARIZONA
NEW MEXICO
Los A
GUADALUPE
SAN FRANCISCO 4
SAN DIEGO 5
GALVESTON 57
JACKSONVILLE 1
WEST PALM BEACH 8
BUZZARDS BAY
BERMUDA IS. (Br.)
BAHAMA
(Br.)
APPALACHIAN
Hakluyt

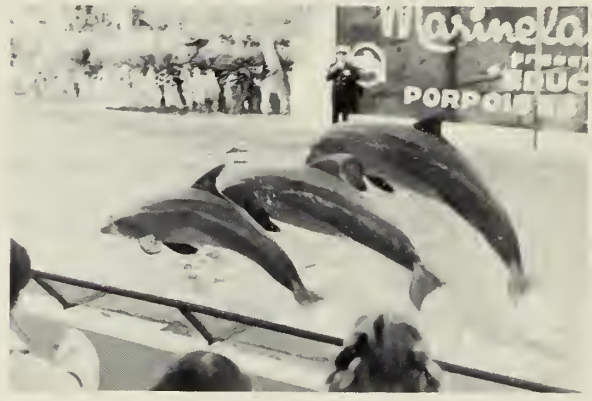
Straits of Florida
Havana
WEST INDIES
CUBA
HISPANIOLA
HAITI
DOM. REP.
Santiago de Cuba
Port-au-Prince
Ciudad Trujillo
San Juan
PUERTO RICO (U.S.A.)
JAMAICA (W.I.F.-Br.)
Kingston
Tampico
Gulf of Campeche
Yucatan Channel
ACAPULCO
Mexico City
REVILLA GIGEDO IS. (Mex.)
BR. HOND.
GUATEMALA
HONDURAS
EL SALVADOR
NICARAGUA
COSTA RICA
CENTRAL AMERICA
Caribbean Sea
CURAÇAO (Neth.)
Caracas
Barranquilla
Maracaibo
Panama
PANAMA
CLIPPERTON I. (Fr.)
COCOS I. (Costa Rica)
Medellin
Buenaventura
COLOMBIA
Orinoco R.
Quito
90
GALAPAGOS IS. (Ecuador)
ECUADOR
Guayaquil
Gulf of Guayaquil
Iquitos
Pt. Aguja
Trujillo
Callao

1964 CRUISE

On a typical fog shrouded January morning in **Buzzards Bay**, for the first time in many months, the first class arose at 0600, for this was to be the day that we had all so anxiously awaited for 2½ long years—the beginning of our upper-job cruise.

In all organizations there should be no flaws but as usual in ours there was one, for not even the frantic attempts of the local townspeople to ward off the fog and hasten our departure were of any use, and to our displeasure our sailing time was delayed until much later in the afternoon.

By 2:30 all lines had been taken in, and the Bay State rolled gracefully away from its home berth and pointed its bow out into **Buzzards Bay**. We all felt a slight nostalgic twinge as we steamed down the Canal for we were leaving our loved ones far behind. Our nostalgia was soon forgotten though as we realized that this was to be our last cruise and our final goal was quickly approaching. So, with these thoughts in mind we prepared to face the perils of our first night at sea.



Shortly after our departure the waters of the Atlantic proved uncooperative as usual and many members of the third class could be seen mustered along the lee rail—the first class had long before assumed the horizontal.

We of the first class took pride in assuming our new duties both on deck and in the engine room. This was the culmination of our years at the Academy for now we were to be assigned to positions of responsibility such as Officer of the Deck, Navigator, Throttleman and Cadet Engineer.

As our days at sea began to run into one another we all eagerly looked over the bow for the lights that would signal the entrance to the **St. Johns River** and the beginning of our journey up to **Jacksonville, Florida** and the annual drydock period.

Jacksonville was not a port to which we particularly looked forward, because of our visit the previous year, for here there seemed to be more sailors in town than at sea. The U.S.O. arranged trips for us to Marineland which were primarily designed to keep us out of trouble. While in drydock the Midshipmen were able to gain worthwhile experience by boarding the various ships which were undergoing repairs. We took from these ships valuable bits of knowledge as well as "visual aids" to be brought back to Bings' class.

After ten days of hard labor, sulphur smelling water and miserable weather the dry dock was pulled out from under us and much to our surprise the Bay State still floated. With the ship back in one piece again we headed down the **St. Johns** and turned South to begin our trip to **Panama.**

As the sun climbed higher in the sky and the weather grew warmer the "Bennie" season was officially open. As usual some over indulged during these first few days and were soon as red and gristly as a piece of Grubby Als' roast beef.

We all looked forward t othe **Panama Canal** transit, and were somewhat disappointed to find that the crossing would be made partly at night. As we entered **Gatun Lake** the word was passed for a wash down. So, as Boink scurried off to find a cozy spot, the hoses were broken out and the ship, including decks, bulkheads, midshipmen, fan motors and compartments was thoroughly doused. After many laughs and happy horse play we all changed into dry clothing and settled down to view the transit. As our passage continued and the sun set, a miriad of colored lights showed us our course. A large number of us remained up to see the sights that night as an alumnus piloted us through. We were all amazed at the ingenuity of the project. At midnight we tied up at the Naval Base in **Balboa**, and a better docking, this ship has never made. For the first time in many landings we failed to do any damage to the pier. It was rather disappointing not to see line handlers, camels and large sections of pier floating beside the ship as is generally the case. Thus began our first cruise liberty, **Balboa, Canal Zone.**

Situated on the west coast of Panama, and set deeply in Panama Bay, lies the small town of **Balboa, Canal Zone.** The U. S. Navy Base at Rodman was graced by the presence of the Bay State for almost three days. The topography of the Base and surrounding areas is very beautiful. Lying approximately one half mile from the Miraflores Locks, it is ringed with deep jungle which makes a pretty contrast with the vivid blue waters of **Panama Bay.**

Unusually enough most of the trouble in Panama began before our arrival and much to our displeasure we were not allowed into the Republic. So, for many of us, the Teen-age Club, the Casa d'Amour and many of the old ruins had to go unseen. The Base had many things to offer, including the officers' swimming pool which the Middies more or less commandeered, and a Naval Exchange which providently withstood the strain of the Bay States' beer runs.

Our liberty ended, and on Tuesday morning we drew in our lines and prepared for the Bay States' emergence into the Pacific Ocean. As we pulled away from the dock at Rodman, we let our thoughts drift back to the good times we had there. Yet we were not too sad, as we were to return to this port within a months time.

As we headed out into the Pacific, the temperatures soared both on deck and in the engine room. The deckies were finally in an enviable position as they would occasionally leave the comfort of their lounging chairs and venture down to the door leading to the aft engine room from which they could watch with delight, the soggy first class engineers engaged in bloody combat for squatters rights on top of the ball cooler.

Days at sea are mighty long aboard a school ship. The usual complaints about the food came up, and they were handled in much the same manner as always. "Smile", they said, "things could be worse". So we smiled and things did get worse. We couldn't

kick about the weather however, as it turned on quite a show, and was sunny the major part of the trip. This was good news for the first class navigators, as they were required to turn in the ships position each day. Varied sights accompanied us along our jaunt up the coast of Central America and Mexico. Chief among these were the schools of porpoises that sometimes played around our bows. After what seemed like years at sea, because of the unbearable heat, we finally sighted the entrance to **Acapulco Harbor.**

In **Acapulco** the Bay State anchored out and it was with great anticipation that we all awaited the lowering of the liberty launch. As was expected the launch proved inoperable, but after a slight delay it was repaired and the deckies commenced ramming the gangway with the liberty parties. Some of the midshipmen ventured to Taxco, while others, using their ODAR (oder detecting and ranging gear) were led to La Huerta which bore a marked resemblance to the black hole of Calcutta. Water skiing was very popular with the middies and many of us skied out close to the Bay State. One would-be artist among our ranks tried a close approach and encountered a very untimely fall close to the mouth of our Mississippi. When he finally surfaced he looked disgustedly about as he found himself surrounded by a school of brown-fish. The Mirador Hotel was the biggest tourist attraction in **Acapulco.** Here you could have a drink of Taquilla (which consists of ground up cactus rinds) and watch the famous Mexican divers who plunge 135 feet into a shallow gorge filled by the surging sea.

With tired bodies and stiff elbows we left Acapulco and settled down for a ten day run to San Francisco. After a few days at sea the Pacific became very unpacific and as usual, an opportunity soon presented itself to "separate the men from the boys" and to prove to the few men among us that the old Bay State was a very capable vessel in a seaway, although a bit removed from passenger liner comfort. After a while she looked like a ghost ship. Those who chanced a stroll about her careening decks found that only the watch was to be seen, and most of them were rather an unpleasant sight to behold.

The storm had passed, for the most part, by the next morning and most of us eagerly lined the rails to get our first view of **San Francisco, California.**

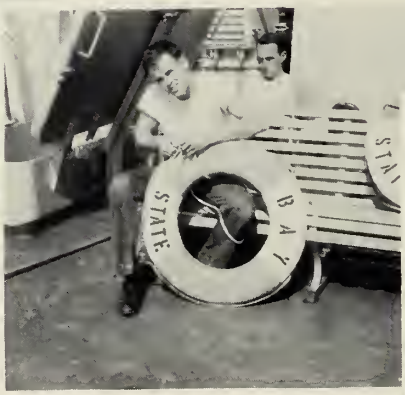
At long last we took our pilot aboard and made for the entrance of one of the most famous harbors in the world. As we gazed at the gigantic span of the **Golden Gate Bridge,** our thoughts turned to the number of distinguished persons and ships that had made this same entrance.

San Francisco was everything a true Middie could want in a liberty port. The Bay State was docked right in the center of San Francisco's Fishermans' Wharf area, and we got an eyeful of sightseeing right from the ship. The exotic nightclubs, the quaint cable cars, and the allurements of Chinatown were the high spots on the Middies agenda. Many of the faithful melted under the charms of the buxom beauties so prevalent in this area. Due to the foresight of one of our first classmen we had arranged for us a dance at the San Francisco College for Women. This was attended by many of the midshipmen and proved to be one of the best times of the cruise. In fact many of the Middies returned to Lone Mountain on successive liberty days to express their thanks and make new friends. Some of us visited the North Beach area in which were located such famous night spots as the "Hungry i", the "Purple Onion" and "Finochios". But a Middie is more attracted to the beer-swilling, sing-along type of establishment and soon the "Red Garter" won our favour. All good things must come to an end, and just when our pocketbooks began to strain we sadly said goodby to the best port of the cruise.

Once again with fair weather as our companion, we turned our bow southward, and began the second half of the cruise, the run to **San Diego.** The trip down the coast was one of calm weather, and sunny skies, and we marveled at the calm water, something very unusual when the Mass. Maritime Academy is at sea. It was on these beautiful days that we all gave thanks to Howard Johnson Mcleod and Co. for their greatly appreciated ice cream.

During these days at sea our major job is that never-ending one of maintenance—chip, red lead, and paint; and then begin again. The cycle is endless and the crew is always behind. In addition, the first class deckmen were supposed to navigate. Oh, we could get our latitudes and longitudes without any trouble, the hard part was in making them coincide with those of the Bum.

Late the second night we dropped the hook in the anchorage outside of **San Diego Harbor** and bedded down for the night to see what the morning would bring.



of the officers and crew. This heat also served to slow the reactions of the cadets on watch. It was because of this, that our answer to the missing link, the "Wunk" crossed paths with our lady engineer, and as he tried to explain to her why the feed pump was stopped and the water level was out of sight she could conk him with her pocketbook. Other than this, an uneventful passage brought us back to what some of us considered our second home—**Panama.**

Once again we were asked to stay within the base, but the aborigines' call of "thees ees de **Panama Canal**, come see de monkey face and hey man, what you got to trade" as well as the thought of a nice cool bottle of Hamms, or the never to be forgotten Brahama Choppe beckoned us into town. As usual Balboa proved to be just an endless succession of bars and houses of ill repute. We searched in vain for libraries, museums, and other places to enjoy ourselves in, but after futile exploration we were forced to find our amusement elsewhere . . . . . .

As the sun arose we found ourselves at the entrance to one of the Navys largest state side installations. Soon the Pilot arrived and we began our journey past many of the Bay States' younger sisters into **San Diego harbor.**

In **San Diego** it was evident that our uniforms were not going to be of any help to us for this town was strictly Navy. On the first day ashore many of us headed South to the Mexican border. After a short ride, signs advertising "Marriages and Divorces the Same Day", became prevalent and we knew that this must be Tia Juana. Leather and straw goods were the local products and sumberos replaced job hats as the uniform of the day. Back in **San Diego** many of our number were soliciting the nautical bars designed to satisfy the thirsty sailor. The fascinations of Disneyland provided many of us with hours of enjoyment as we played in the realm of Donald Duck, Davy Crocket and Jules Verne. Many good times were had in San Diego and our departure was a sad occasion. We had to leave, and leave we did with our bow pointing once again toward **Balboa, Canal Zone.**

Once at sea and heading South the temperature outside began to climb, as did that

The highlight of our stay in Panama was the soft ball game between the Rodman All-Stars and the Maritime Fire ballers. The middies made a good showing during the first few innings, but the Navy knew how to sink the Maritime and began providing free beer. From that point on the middies' ball handling became erratic and during the last innings only one or two were able to remain standing at their positions. After the game the Pan-Am trophy was sadly given over to the Rodman team to be placed for all to see in the E. M. Club.

Tears came to the eyes of many of us as we thought of leaving this fondly remembered city that so many of us had lost something in, and some of us such as Whitey and the Gull, were ready to apply for our second papers in obtaining Panamanian citizenship.

We transited the **Panama Canal** in daylight this time and really got an idea what it was like. This included another gigantic scrub down by the deckies, and a sight seeing trip for the off watch engineers. We were moving along fine, but all of a sudden, for no apparent reason we stopped and dropped the hook in Gatun Lake for twelve hours. I guess that just goes to show that it just doesn't pay to initiate the pilot. By reville the next morning we were once again bouncing along on the Atlantic Ocean. A warning of stormy weather saw us buttoned up tight, but it was only a scare, and the sun continued to shine. Routine was the adjective describing our trip toward Galveston; sacks, watch, sacks, maintenance formations and more sacks.

As we entered the mouth of **Galveston harbor** word was spread that many of the city's dignitaries were on hand to greet us, so the almighty powers summoned the fog and we were forced to anchor until the following morning. On Sunday, most of the midshipmen were taken by bus to see the nuclear ship Savannah, and were given a hasty tour and sent away. Galveston had one bit of real estate, which attracted all of us, a brewery. For the next two days the Falstaff Co. was being drained of its products at such a rate that extra shifts were put on to meet the demand. After two days we were asked to leave and with us left dozens of glasses, blazers, pitchers of beer and in one case a full barrel was cozied out under a midshipman's blouse.

St. Patty's day was celebrated in appropriate fashion at the B and L Bar where green hats, green beer and green job suits were a fitting tribute to the Irish among us. Our last night in this port proved to be one of our best liberties of the cruise.

With light hearts and big heads we left **Galveston** and rounded the tip of Florida into the Atlantic toward our last port of call, **Palm Beach, Florida.**

On passing through the break water which led to the dock area at **West Palm Beach** it was decided that we would try something new this time, that is, backing into our berth at the pier. We did rather well considering, although it looked as though we were going to make an accordion out of the small coastal tanker that was tied up astern of us.

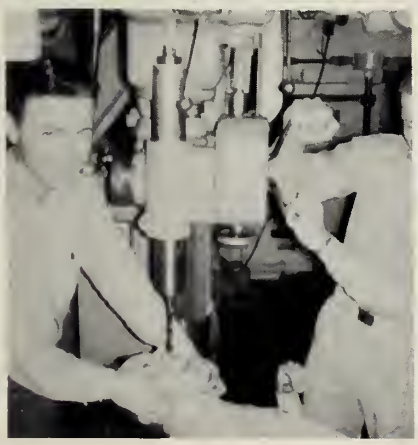
Many of the first classmen who had been to Ft. Lauderdale during our third class cruise obtained special liberty in order to return there to participate in the "college week" festivities. The rest of us used these days catching the last few bennies and in search of peace offerings for the folks at home. It was with increasing anticipation that we left Florida and headed North for home again. Needless to say our spirits were high as we headed for **Boston** on the final leg of our journey. Four more days and we would be home again.

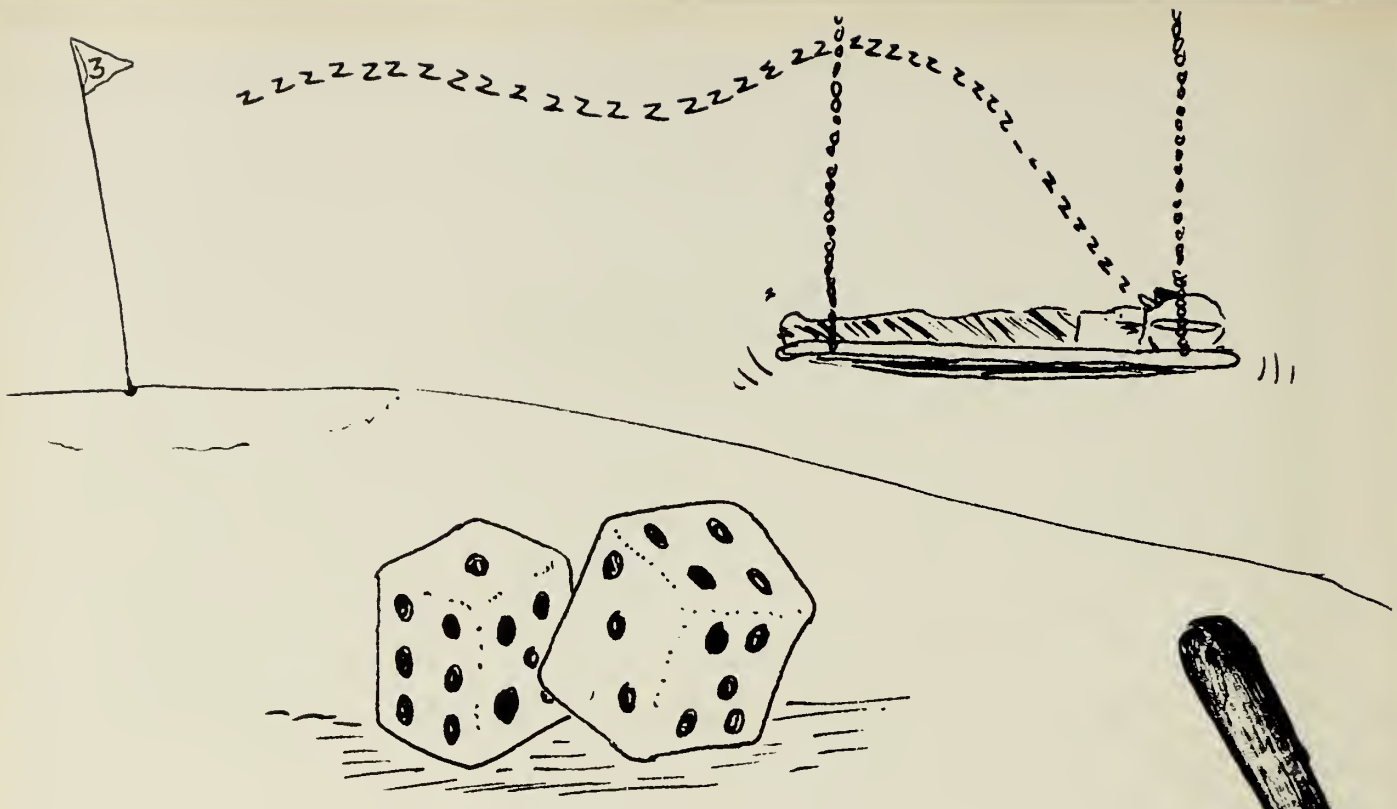
The Boston lightship loomed over the horizon in no time at all, and soon we were passing by the Graves, into President Roads and up into the anchorage right off Commonwealth Pier. Since we arrived at night, we dropped the hook and rode at anchor until the next morning. Line handlers were sent ashore right after breakfast and we were soon maneuvering alongside the pier.

Once secured, the ship was stormed by enthusiastic parents, girl friends, relatives, and other friends of the middies. Yet, there wasn't one soul on board who didn't utter the words that mark the return of all the Academys' cruises—THANK GOD!

ADML THOMPSON
LIGHTHOUSE

TO MOMMY
HAZING
BAD
CLASS OF
65





Those who take part in organized sports at the Academy deserve all the applause we can muster. They lose not only valuable study time but are further handicapped in that they are not excused from their shipboard duties.

The lack of both proper facilities and wholehearted cooperation on the part of the authorities has understandably led to a certain amount of failure regarding team scores, but not team spirit.

It is to their effort, especially that of Coach Bill Hendy, and undying spirit that the following pages are dedicated.

SPORTS

Front row, L to R.—Sullivan D. F., McQuade, Donovan, Guertin, Benn, Quintero, Dunphy, Driscoll, Leydon, Russell, Boussy, **Second row**—Olander, Quirk, DiTullio, Long, Slade, Callahan, Brown, T. H., Broderick, Woodill, Ward, Lt. Hendy, **Third row**—Foley, Ollerhead, Maitland, Heywood, Freel, Crain, Winroth, Evans, McGaughey, O'Neil, **Fourth row**—Ford, Burbine, Ryan, Lightbody, Hunt, Morrissey, Barra, Curran, Battell, Nott.

SOCCER

With determination, drive, spirit and a years experience, M.M.A. launched its second soccer campaign in the schools history with a firm purpose to better last years mark. It wasn't long before eyes were starting to open and they remained open, as the middies logged victories against formidable New England soccer opponents. These victories were not easily come by however, with practice time and facilities very limited. But under the able direction of Coach Bill Hendy and the long sought for cooperation of the underclassmen, these restrictions seemed minor and the goal to better themselves became a reality.

In the early weeks of the season, when physical condition was stressed, Scott Slade took charge of daily calisthenics. Through his desire to win some soccer games, Scott increased the pace daily and soon the fats of summer were gone and the whole team (upper jobs included) were ready to play full time. To keep this article honest, I must mention that Hugh Quirk, Bob Flannery and Jack McQuade never did shake the weight but this did not hamper their ability to play. This conditioning proved a decisive advantage in many of the early contests, when the middies simply ran better soccer teams off the field.

Coach Hendy, not completely satisfied with offensive output of the Mariners went to

work on the passing and playmaking aspects of the game. It wasn't long before he had two good passing lines. This was shown in the big increase in goals scored. The offensive output was five times greater than the previous year. The major contributors were Co-captain John Benn, Phil Dunphy and "Boom-Boom" Donovan.

Although this increased offensive game brought new heights to the Mariner's game, it cannot overshadow the iron-horse work of the defense. Game after game the middies secondary was there, sometimes short handed, sometimes playing with an injury but always giving 100%, eighty-eight minutes a game.

Injuries were the only major stumbling block of the entire season. Injuries are a part of any sport but M.M.A. received more than their share. If these misfortunes had not occured there is no way of estimating the heights which the Mariners might have reached.

The class of "64" extends a "tip of the hat" to Coach, Lt. William R. Hendy and his soccer players for their past season's performance. We wish Coach Hendy all the luck in the future for continued success and feel certain that the sport of soccer will always find a place in the athletic curriculum of the Massachusetts Maritime Academy.

SCOREBOARD

	MMA	OPP.
Salem State	0	2
Rhode Island College	2	1
New Bedford Tech.	5	1
Barrington	1	1
Stonehill	2	3
New Haven	0	6
New England College	2	4
Curry College	1	2
New Bedford Tech.	1	3
All Star Game	3	5
Curry College	7	3
Brandeis	3	2
Nasson	3	2
St. Francis College	2	2
St. Francis College	2	2

Coach Hendy with Quintero and Benn

FOOTBALL

Front row, L to R—Mahoney, Quintero, Peabody, Kuechler. Back row, L to R—Sullivan, D. F., Brunstrom, Quirk, White, Cunningham.

THE 1 E TURBINES

Wheeeee . . . . and for the second consecutive year the Turbines, voted the East's No. 1 tag - rush team by API and UPI polls, spin up another unpresidented 17-0-2 season. From Panama and Acapulco to Buzzards Bay, international sportwriters have flocked to stadiums (and beaches) to witness the dazzling performances of these athletes both on and off the gridiron.

Handling the throttles for the Turbines was that balding old Y. A. Turtle, brought up from the New York Farm Team two years ago. Running from the fullback slot came veteran "Bitter Bilwy Mahoney" carrying the scars of an old pro and supplementing the versatile talents of the fine tailbacks, Bunkie "Spider" Brunstrom, ladies man of the team, and Dave "P. F." White, acquired in a post season trade after an excellent exhibition tour with the Phoenix Club of the Panamanian League.

In any strong team you find the forward wall as the deciding factor in winning and losing games, here the Turbines proved to be the most proficient. Providing one of the nicest targets any QB could hope for was Bruce "Poopsie" Kuechler at the right end and supported by the left end Dave "Pluto" Sullivan, who gobbled up pigskin like it was Milk Bone. At right guard, when able to get off the plantation, Malcolm X. Quintero counterparted by Hughie "Flintstone" Quirk, the raw meat man of the team. And last, but not least, slithering over the ball, Snake "Shrapnel" Cunningham, a zoo keeper and rancher during the off season.

After the past season the Turbines will no longer be playing football before packed stadiums around the globe. Now, subject to the league's retirement benefits, many of them will hang up their spikes and take their place in the M. M. A. Hall of Heroes.

CROSS COUNTRY

L to R, First row—Kelleher, Crovo, Felos, Dainis, Caia, Samolchuck, **Second row, L to R**—Brown, Breen, Ricardo, Thayer, Kenney, **Third row, L to R**—Olander, McMurray, Goodsell.

"Get out there and run" Once again while the "Bunnies Boys" were engaging the local "High Schools" in soccer, "Dorsey's Harriers" were taking on the big boys. A meet with Mass. Maritime was a sure win for any team and we were very much sought after.

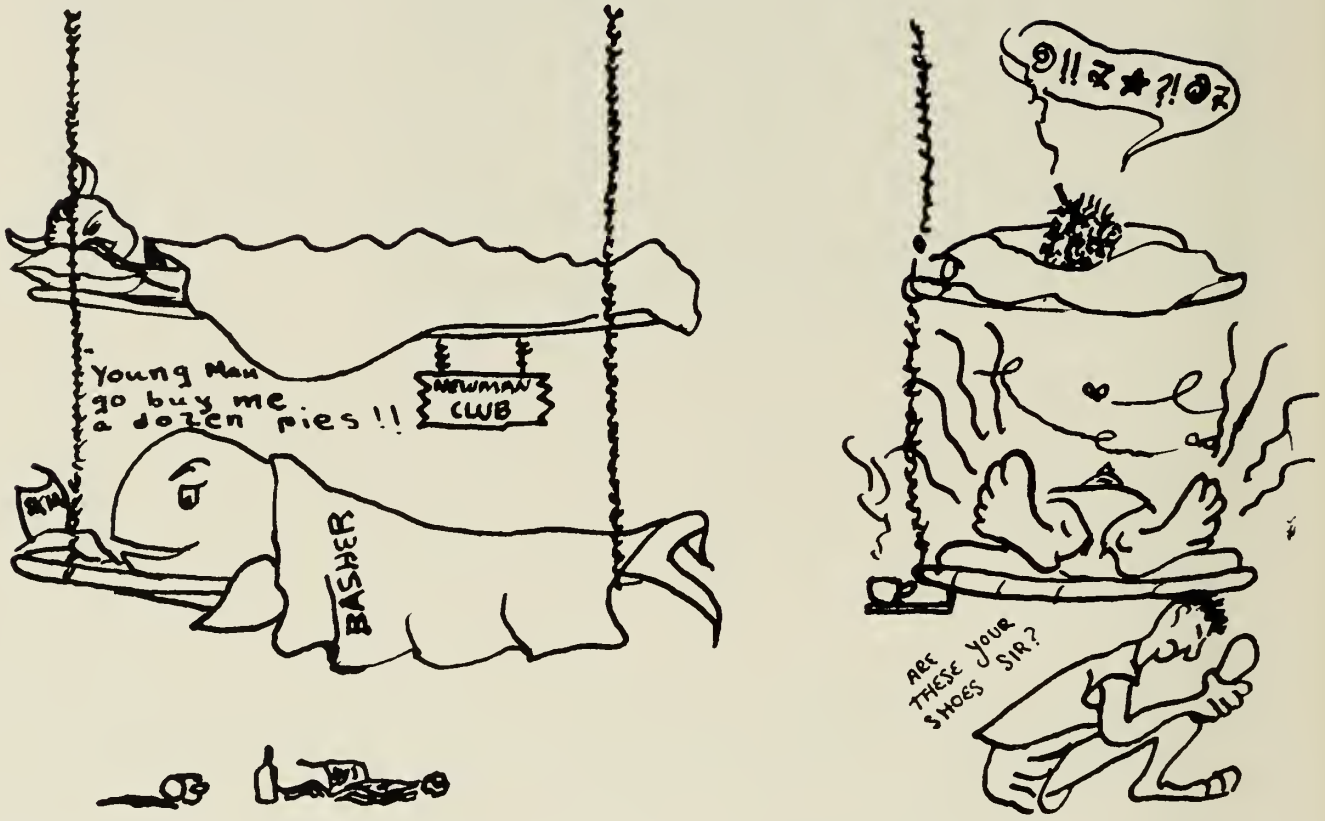
Despite the scientific training methods (Mids and Pep-Pills) used by the captain, Paul Crovo, our boys in gold were unable to overcome our ever-present stumbling blocks; insufficient time and poor cooperation.

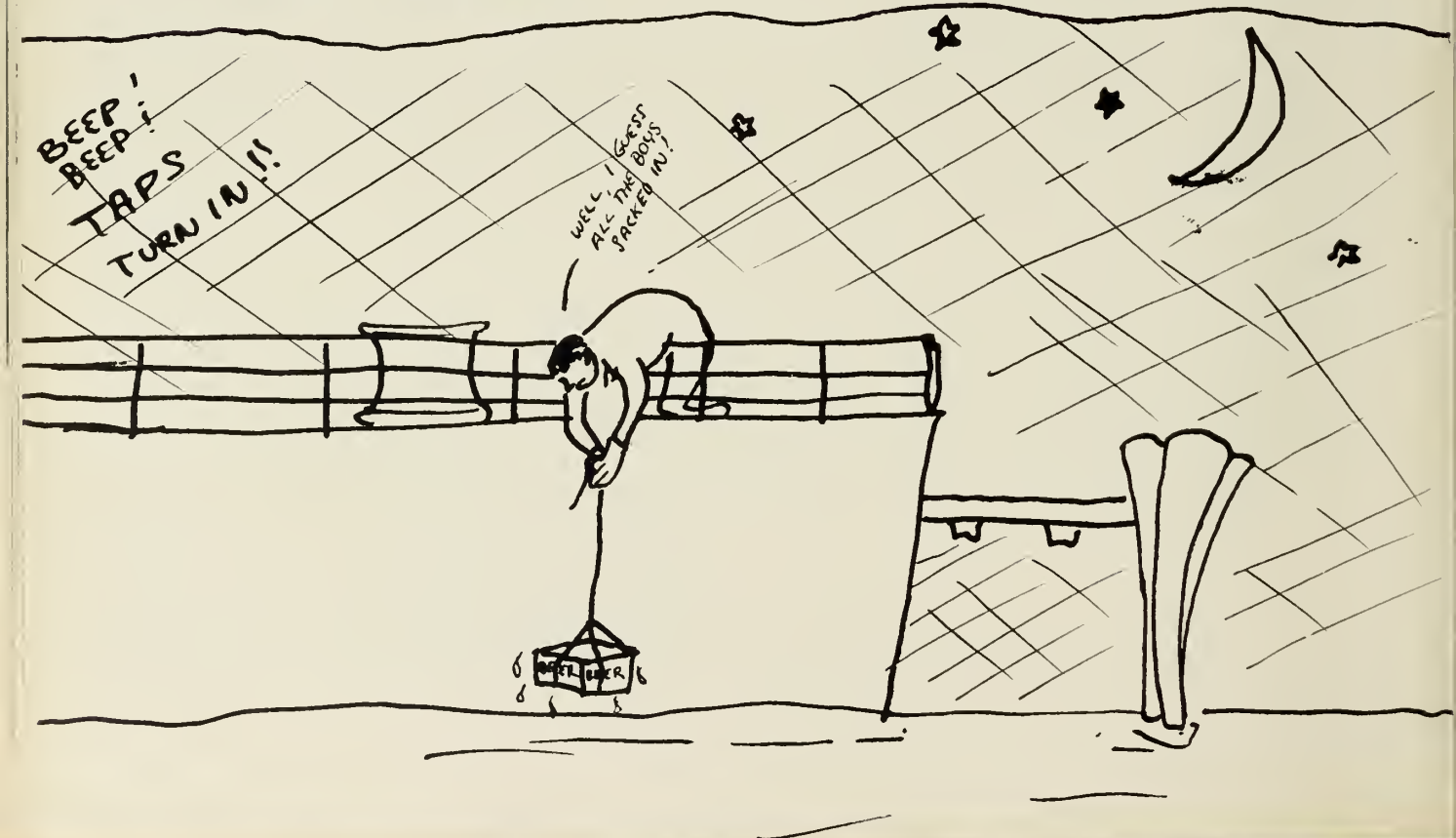
We did, however, manage to give a good showing in all our contests and next year with renewed vigor, we hope to overcome all obstacles and beat our rival academies.

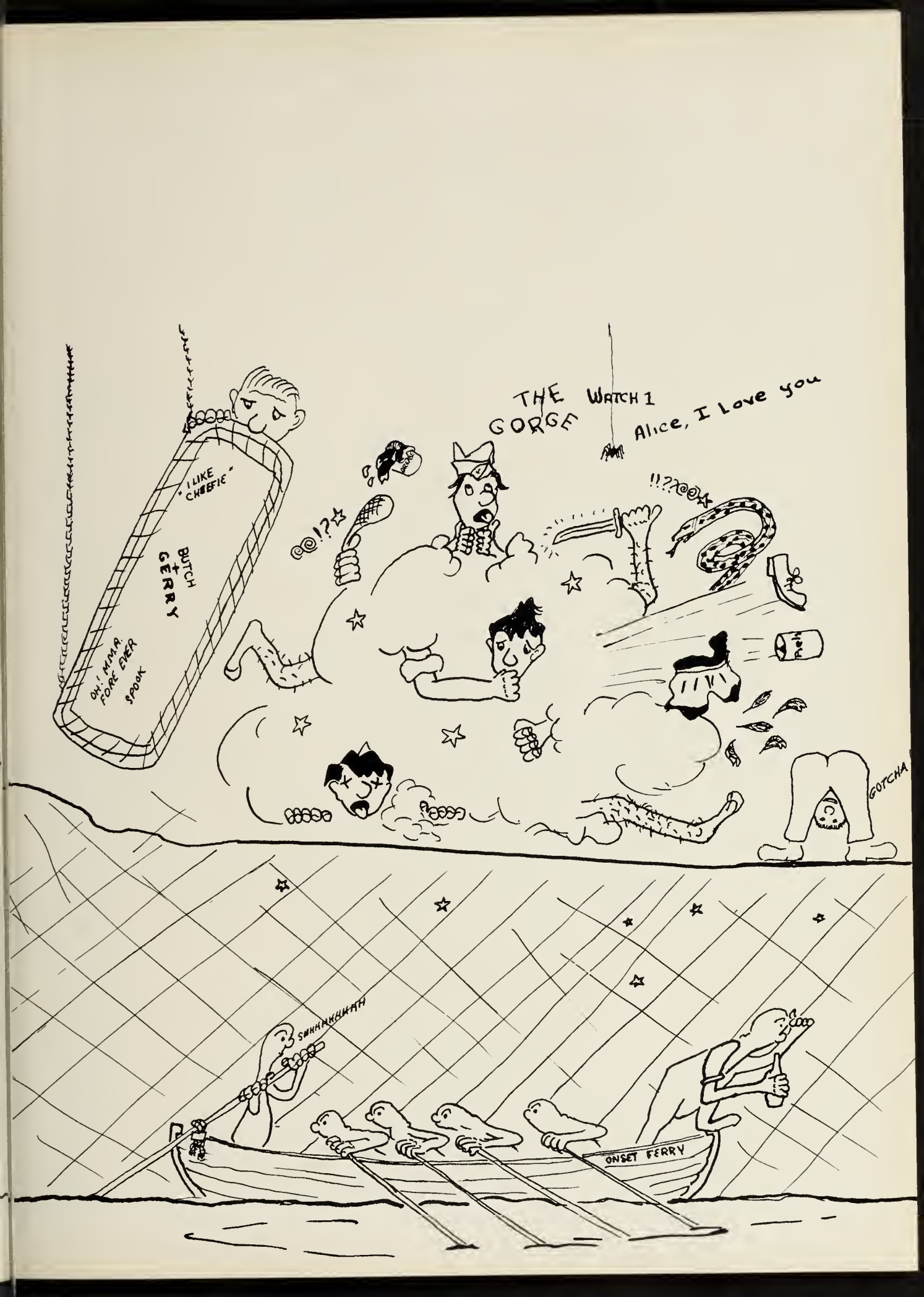
RIFLE TEAM

Kneeling, L. to R—Taddia, Rudinsky, Brunell, Gibbons, Goodsell, McNamara, Froberg, Crane, Miante, Brunstrom, **Standing, L to R**—Gell, Broadley, Coach Selfe, (Coach Cease not shown), Cass, Kenney, Bolcome.

ACTIVITIES


Young Man go buy me a dozen pies!!
NEWMAN CLUB
BASHER
ARE THESE YOUR SHOES SIR?


BEEP! BEEP! TAPS TURN IN!!
WELL I GUESS ALL THE BOYS SACKED IN!


THE GORGE
WATCH 1
Alice, I Love you
!!?!@@
I LIKE CHEEFIE
BUTCH + GERRY
OH! M.M.A. FORE EVER
SPOOK
GOTCHA
SWHHHHHHHH
ONSET FERRY

RING DANCE

This year, as is the custom, the corps of Midshipmen held their formal Ring Dance which is the high point of the Academy's social calendar. The name, "Ring Dance" is derived from the ceremony in which the first class midshipman takes part. In this ceremony each midshipman dips his class ring into the waters of the seven seas contained in the binnacle which is the housing of the mariners compass. This ceremony symbolizes the marriage of each young man to the sea and the straight and true course he will sail throughout the voyage of life.

Following the Ring Ceremony the Second Class Honor Guard performed a series of precision maneuvers giving way to general dancing by the student body and their dates.

The Ring Dance this year proved to be very successful owing in large part to the many long hours spent in preparation by the Dance Committee.

SHERATON PLAZA
SHERATON PLAZA

CIRCLE K CLUB

Sitting, L to R—Cunningham, Fox, Vienneau, Trainor, **Standing, L to R**—Ilacqua, Saunders, Dunphy, Ditullio, Czerny, Coffin, Nott, Paige, McGlamery, Ruzzell, Morrissey, Kenney, Broderick, Miante.

NEWMAN CLUB

First row, L to R—Leonard, Broderick, Ilacqua, Aldred, Boucher, Quirk, Miante, Kelleher, **Second row, L to R**—Kenney, Ciampi, Battell, McMurray, Morrissey, **Third row, L to R**—Paige, Gibbons, Ford.

BAND

L to R—McGinn, Hathaway, Milo, Broadley, Nott, Brown, Coffin, Heywood, Kuchlewski, Pillsbury, Rudinsky, Olson, Saunders, Cass, Ilacqua, Commander Cease.

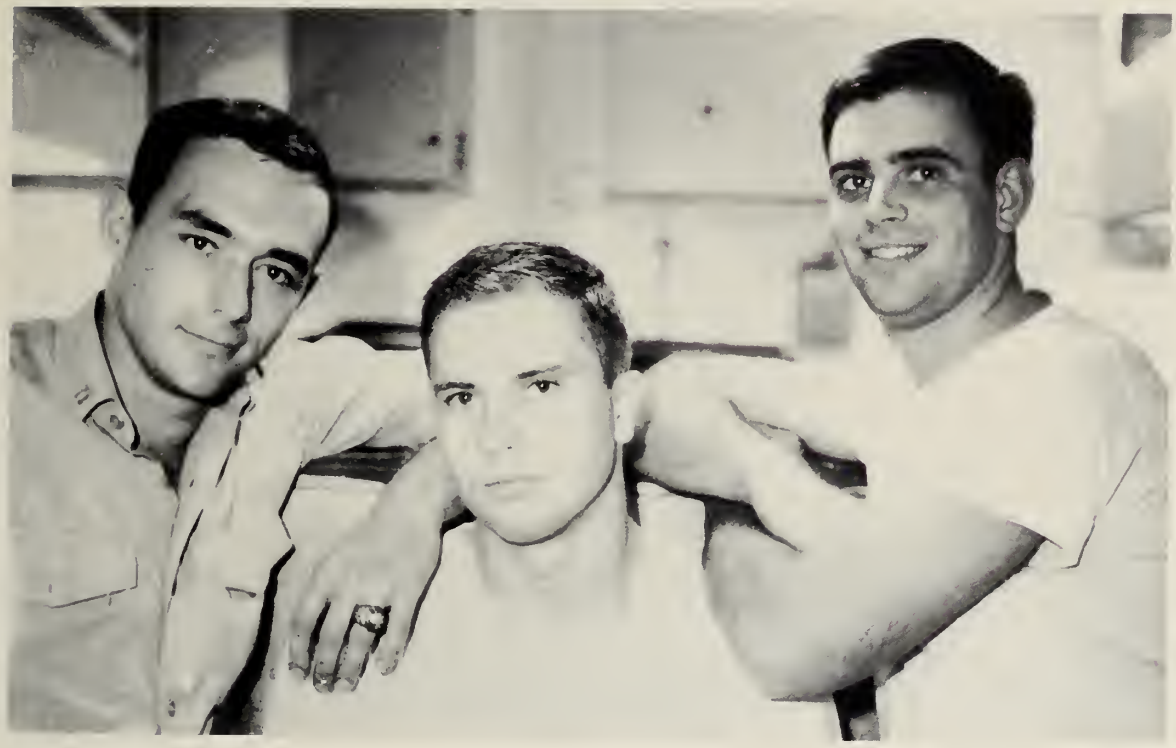
HONOR GUARD

L to R—Saunders, Coffin, (Ring Dance M.C.) Ward, Miante, Ford, Paige, Nott, Hutchings, McGlamery, Czerny, Mushet.

RING COMMITTEE
L to R—Sullivan, W.A., Vienneau, Fitzpatrick.

COMMITTEES

RING DANCE COMMITTEE
L to R—Cunningham, Peabody, Vienneau, Downing.



LAUNDRY WORKERS
Bob Vienneau, Bill Mahoney, Scott Slade

CLASS BARBERS
Bud Flanagan and Al Mahegan

L to R—Fitzpatrick, Fox, Editor; Downing, Sullivan, D. F., Mahoney, Cunningham, Crovo, Briggs.

THE MUSTER STAFF

. . . *Recording a Year's Events*

"Remember St. Thomas?"

Main Academic Building

Auxiliary Academic Building

THE THOUGHT OF TREADING

One thing in life I really dread,
Is the thought that one day I may be a tread.
The only thing in life I really fear,
Is staying here another year.

Afraid of the thought that I may fail,
I won't read skin books or write any mail.
Always I have a notebook near,
'Cause three years is long enough to be here.

The pain and the heartbreak won't be too bad,
It's the extra time here that would drive me mad.
No fun, no women, no gambling, no booze,
Just the terrible thought of another cruise.
I'd think of my work, my sweat and my toil,
And those midnight watches with a brush and some oil.
I'd think of the bilges through which I've crawled,
And the many names that I've been called.

All that would be nothing, in the end that would show,
But with still 1,095 days to go.
Thats a lot of formations and morning showers,
Built around your 26,000 hours.
I'm not knocking the way of this place,
I'd just like to get back to the human race.
So I'll study hard and soon I'll be,
Out of this place and back where I'm free

I'll be true to my studies and I won't kick,
So I won't end up on the short end of the stick.
I won't tread, for there's no worse fate,
than to graduate one year late.

On some future date I'll be out,
And from the world you'll here this shout;
"Look at that man, he's right on the line,
He's a graduate of Mass. Maritime"

WHAT IS A MIDDIE?

After the security of childhood and the insecurity of a second childhood, we find an unusual animal called a middie. Middies come in assorted sizes, weights, and states. Middies are found everywhere.

On ships, in their bunks, in bars, on leave, in love, and always in debt. Girls love them, mothers tolerate them and the United States supports them. A middie is laziness with a deck of cards, bravery with a grin. .

A protector of America with a copy of "PLAYBOY", he has the energy of a turtle, the slyness of a fox, the brains of an idiot, the sea stories of an old salt, the appetite of an elephant, the aspirations of Casanova.

He always wants something, and it's usually liberty. He likes women, girls, females. And in other words he likes the opposite sex.

He dislikes writing letters, wearing his uniform, superior officers, the food, reveille, and "jar heads." Nobody can write so seldom and think of you so much. Nobody gets so much fun from letters, civilian clothes, and home.

Nobody can throw into one tiny pocket—a little black book, a letter from home, a pack of cigarettes, a lighter, assorted false I. D.'s, a comb and a deck of cards. A middie is a marginal creature.

You can lock him out of your home but not out of your heart. You can get him off your mailing list but not off your mind. So you might as well give up. He's your long distance love.

Your one and only bright eyed bundle of worry. But all your shattered dreams seem insignificant when he comes home with those magical words:

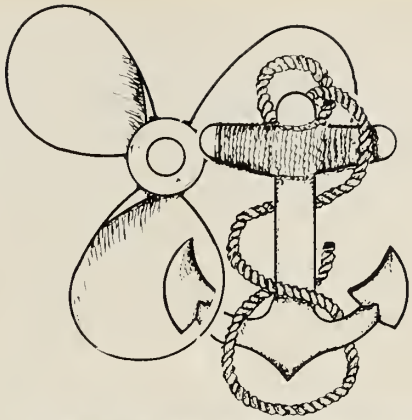
"Hey, how about LENDING me a couple of bucks."

ENGINEERING CADET OFFICERS

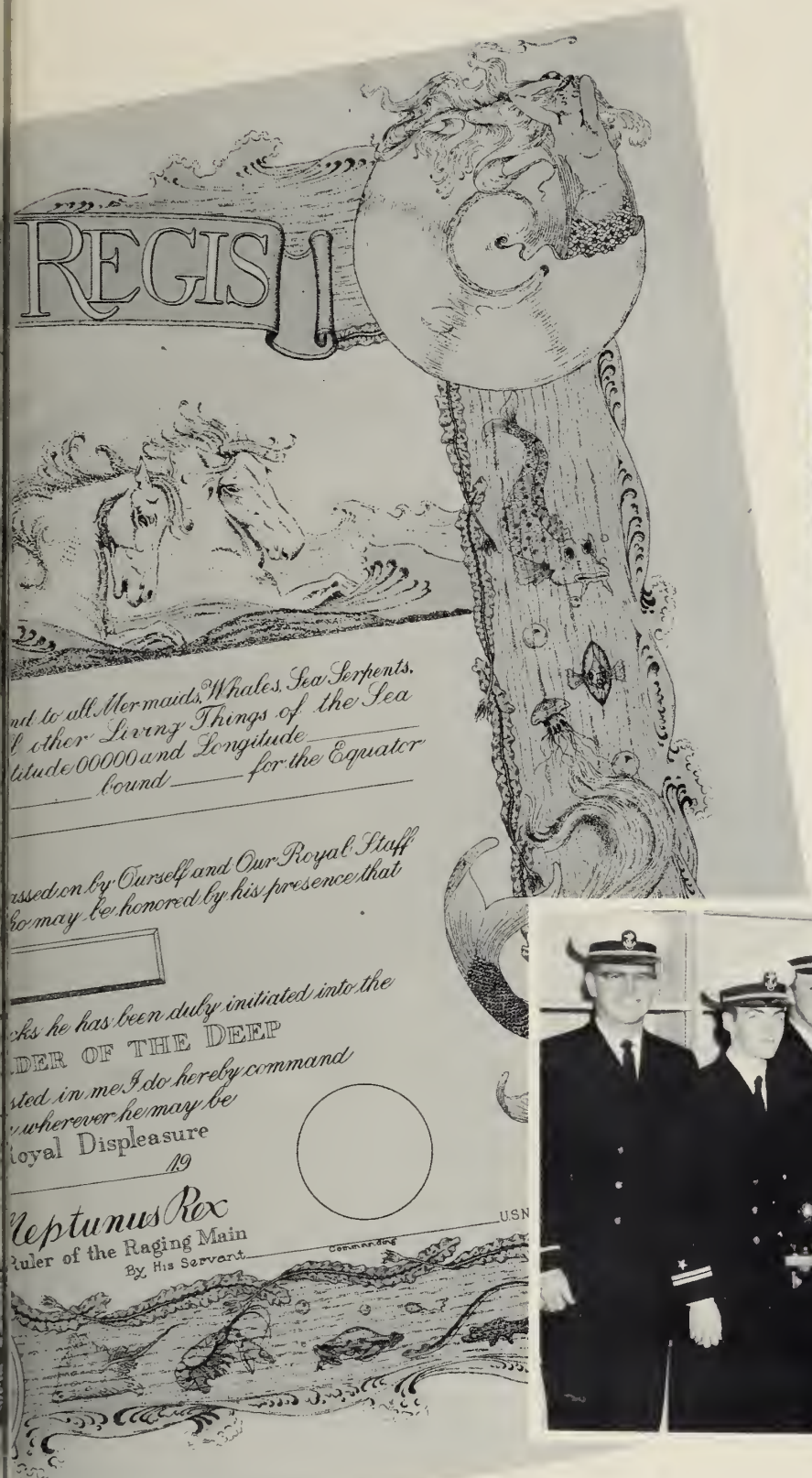
L. to R.: Vienneau, Flanagan, Leonard, McNeil, Sullivan, Peabody, Tichon.

IMPERIVM NEPTVNI
TO ALL SAILORS WHEREVER YE MAY BE:
Porpoises, Sharks, Dolphins, Eels, Skates, Suckers, Crabs, Lobsters an
GREETING: Know Ye: That on this day of 19
there appeared within Our Royal Domain the
and for
BE IT REMEMBERED
That the said Vessel and Officers and Crew thereof have been inspected
And Be It Known: By all ye Sailors, Marines, Land Lubbers and oth
having been found worthy to be numbered as one of our Trusty Sh
SOLEMN MYSTERIES OF THE ANCIENT
Be It Further Understood: That by virtue of the power
all my subjects to show due honor and respect
Disobey this order under penalty of
Given under our hand and seal this
NAVY DEPARTMENT UNITED STATES OF AMERICA
Davey Jones
His Majesty's Scribe
SIGILLVM
NEPTVNI

OFFICERS



Change of command:
Peabody, Lawrence,
Flanagan, Estabrooks.


REGIS
nd to all Mermaids, Whales, Sea Serpents,
l other Living Things of the Sea
titude 00000 and Longitude
bound for the Equator
ssed on by Ourself and Our Royal Staff
he may be honored by his presence that
ks he has been duly initiated into the
DER OF THE DEEP
sted in me I do hereby command
wherever he may be
Loyal Displeasure
19
Neptunus Rex
Ruler of the Raging Main
By His Servant
Commanding
USN

DECK CADET OFFICERS
L. to R.: Foley, Briggs, Trainor, Olson, Mahegan, McNamara, Flanagan.

CIT

FIR

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has completed

Issued JUNE 5, 19

John A Nai

Chief of Dehar

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THE REC DECK

Listen you middies and you shall hear,
'Bout a place that all youngies fear.
Located one deck below the main,
It's the place that happenings are far from sane.
We dodge the place from rev'le to check,
We won't go near that damn Rec Deck.

"Young man", is the call the upper jobs yell,
Soon as we hear it we run like hell.
Where we run I dare not say,
But it's not the Rec Deck, it's the other way.
Hey coffee, hey Tang, hey gimme a smoke,
One week of this and everyones broke.

There's one thing though that drives us nuts,
It's the upper jobs smoking all our butts.
And so many times we hold our lips tight,
When some upper-job would ask for a light.
They say get a sangie, and a brownie or two,
So you do it fast so you can screw.

You duck your head when you see the sight,
Head paper rolls flying left and right.
Let me go, - - - - - your eyes beg and plead,
But first you must find them a skin book to read.
The Rec Deck's our problem, its the upper jobs fun,
Our only defense is to hide or to run.

Thanks . . .

The Muster

MASSACHUSETTS MARITIME ACADEMY
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THANKS . . . . . .

Once again this year we want to take this opportunity, as our stay here at the Academy comes to an end, to thank Lt. Dorsey for the inspiration, advise and help that he has given to us during this past year to make our yearbook a reality.

Not only has Mr. Dorsey helped us with this book but he has always stood ready with sound advice and guidance to anyone who may ask it of him.

As we leave the Academy and go on to our chosen fields we will all take with us not only the memories of an officer that has guided us on a true course with patiance and indulgence but also memories of a true friend and shipmate.

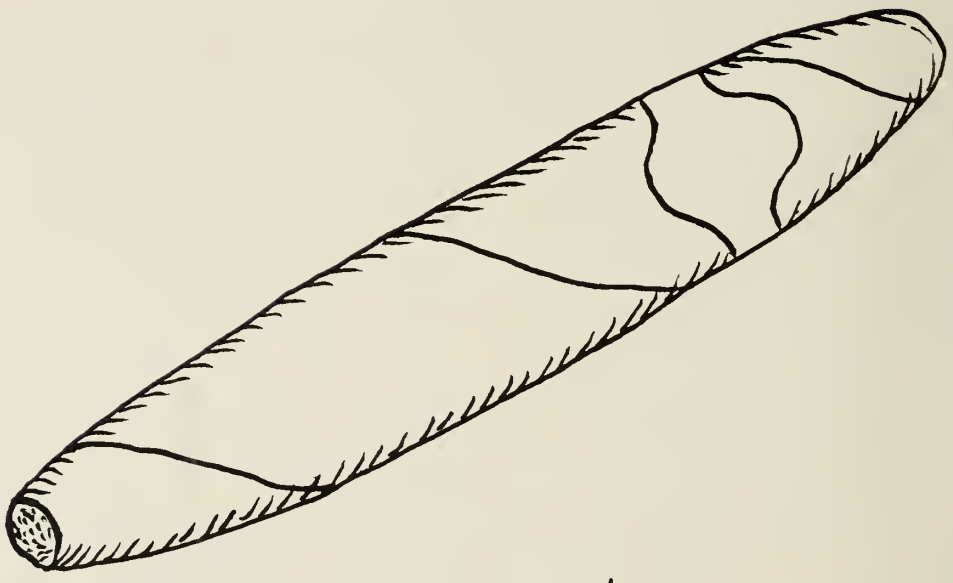
Thank you very much.

Very respectfully,

THE MUSTER STAFF
and
THE CLASS OF 64

. . . Mr. Dorsey

WE GOT OURS



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THANKS . . .

The undertaking of a college annual, as we found out early in our career with the MUSTER, would be quite impossible without the aid of the Patrons, on whom our publication is financially dependent.

So, it is to our Patrons, that we offer our deepest appreciation and humblest thanks.

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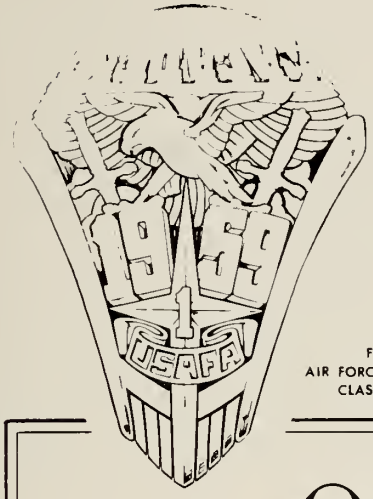
MAYOR OF NEW BEDFORD



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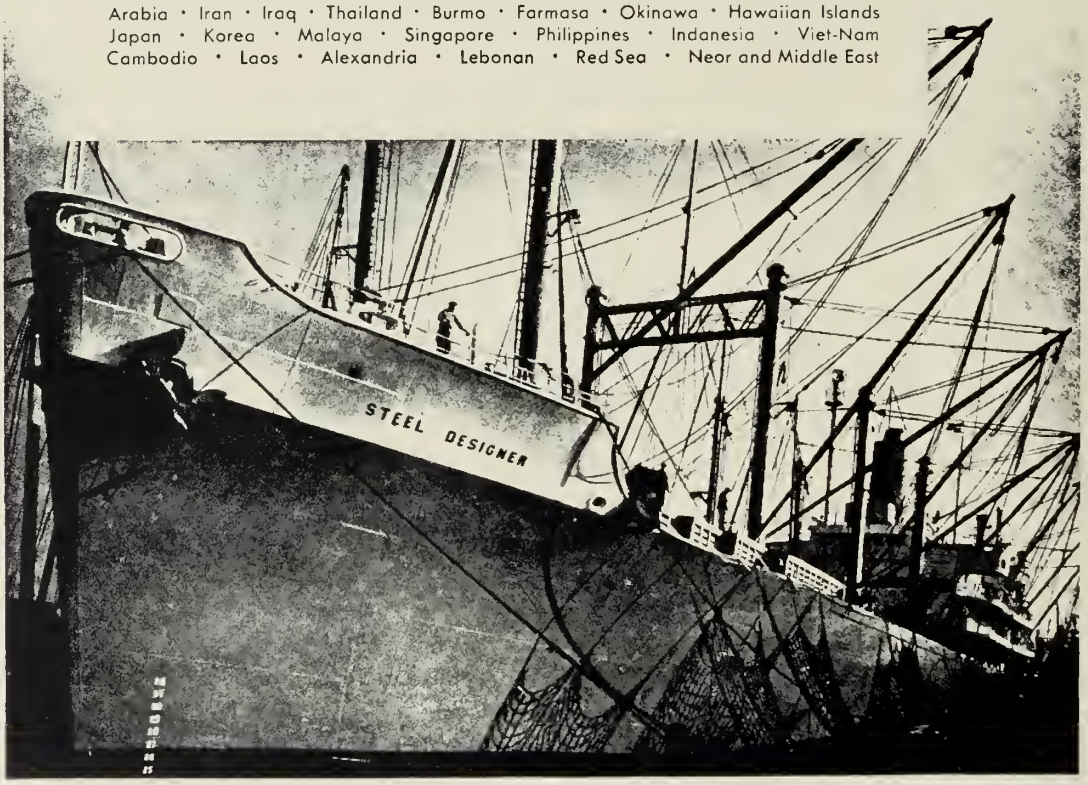

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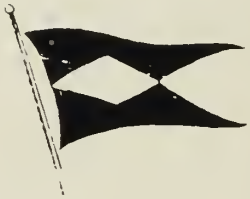

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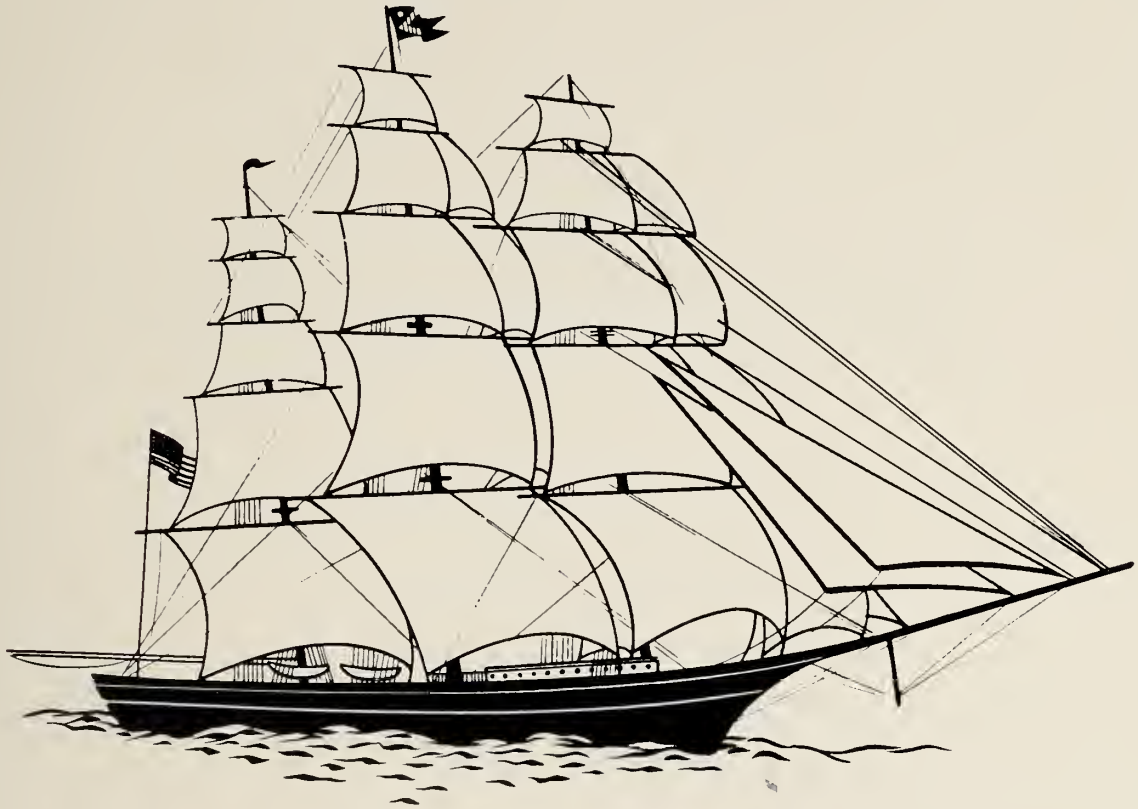

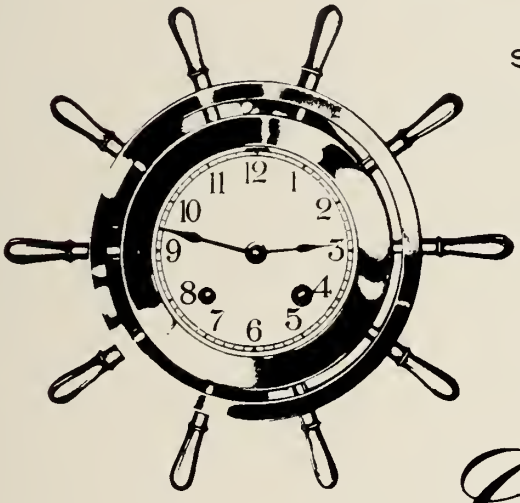

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